Saturday Review

LY 26, 1958 / 25¢

Tony Curtis, co-star of "The Defiant Ones." (See SR Goes to the Movies)

JOURNALISM ON CRUSADE

By Bruce Catton

READING FROM RE

By Ved Mehta

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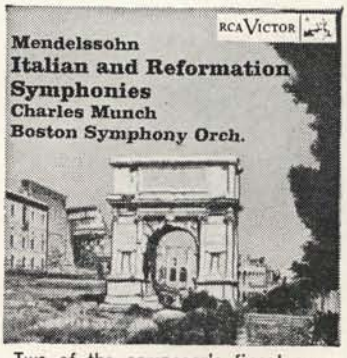

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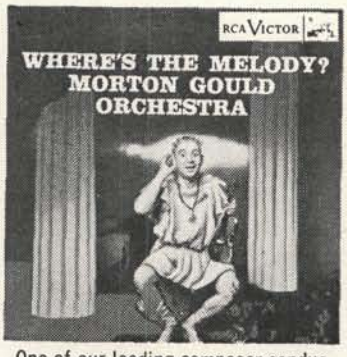

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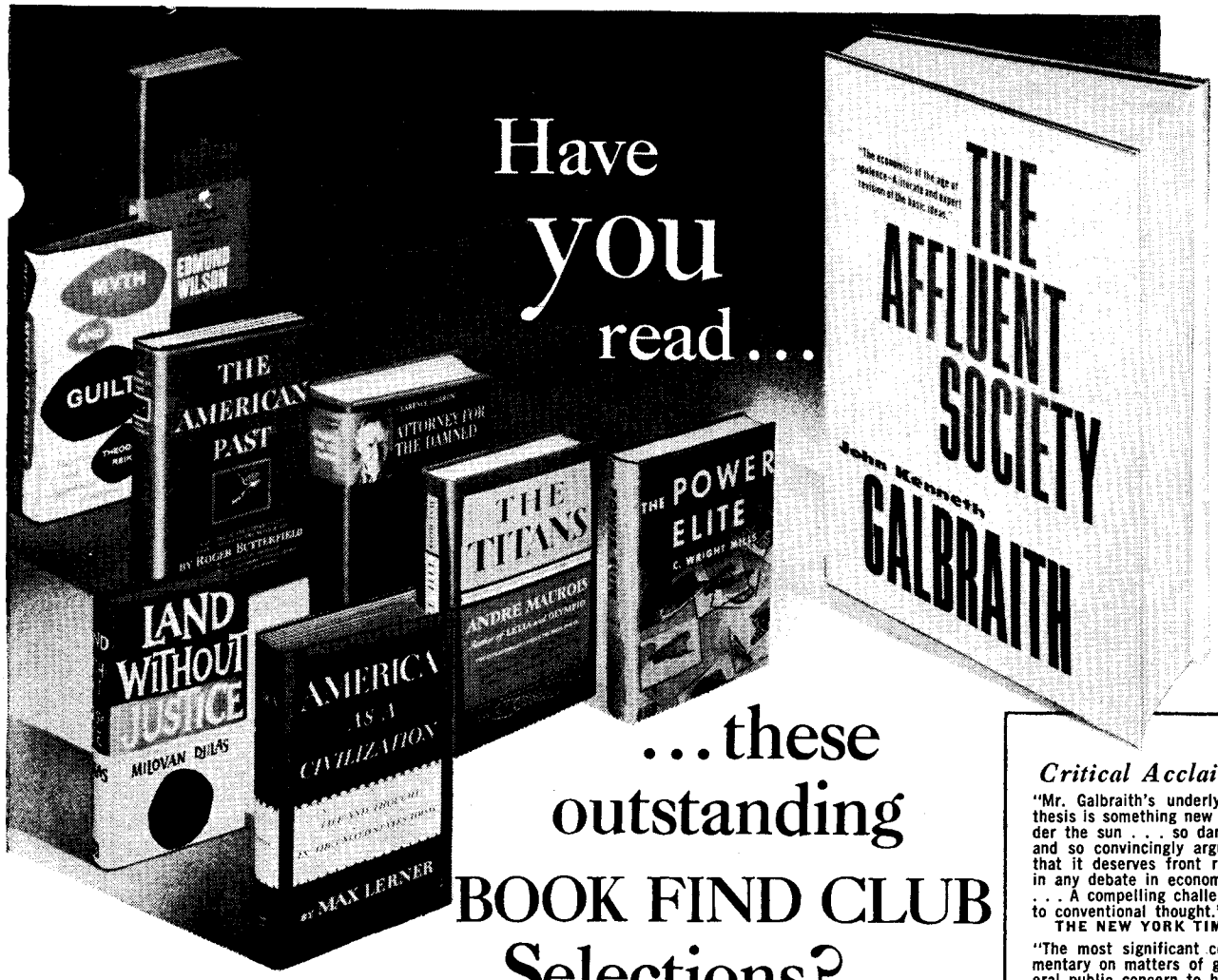

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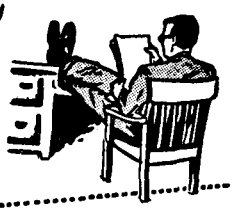

"The Democratic Vista," by Richard Chase is ideal "light summer reading." I know, because I put it on a scale. Its weight is 11½ ounces, which is very light for a hardcover book.

Let me make clear, however, this book is light only in its physical aspects. Mentally, it is one of the most weighty, profound and provocative books I have read in a long time.

Its setting is the Massachusetts coast, its time late summer, and its cast six people representing varying points of view, who, in six brilliant dialogues, talk about the past, present and future of American life and letters.

The basic questions they discuss are: Is the old tradition of individualism and personal rebellion against a complex society worn out, and have Americans exhausted themselves as a people? Or is social conformity the beginning of a new tradition which is vital and productive in its own way?

None of the early readers of this book has been indifferent to it. Some have agreed passionately, others have dissented vehemently, but all recognize that it is a book whose significance cannot be ignored.

I invite you to look into "The Democratic Vista" this summer. While the rest of your body is soaking up heat, expose your brain to a little light.

You will find that a serious, challenging book is good reading at any season, and the idea that summer is the time for frivolous reading only is, perhaps, merely fiction.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Democratic Vista" ($3.95), by Richard Chase, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Mr. Chase is also the author of the recently published Anchor Book, "The American Novel and Its Tradition" (95¢). Copies of both may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, two of which are located in Penn Station in New York City.

The Saturday Review

JULY 26, 1958

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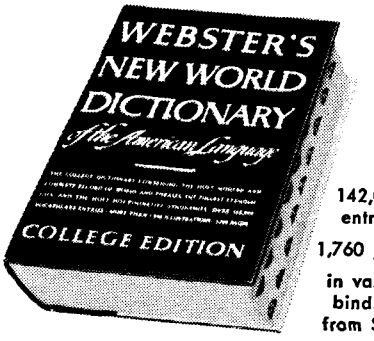

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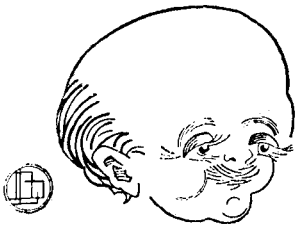

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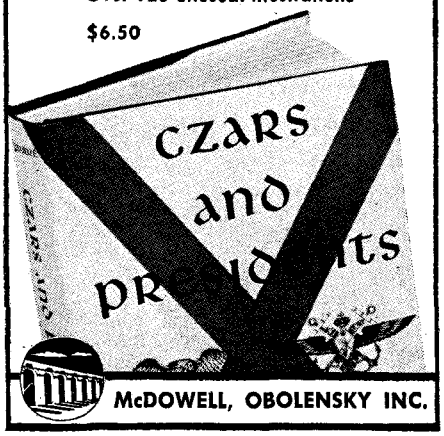

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TRADE Winds

THERE IS NOTHING quite so satisfying as to prove that you do exist. Since "Parkinson's Law" was published last year by Houghton Mifflin, Professor C. Northcote Parkinson has been hard put to overcome his reputation for being fictitious. Now that the book is pushing 100,000 copies here and in the United Kingdom, the author has emerged from Singapore, his home, and made his first trip to the U.S. where he will spend the summer lecturing seriously to Harvard students on the history of the British Empire. The editors of *Life* magazine and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* may go there and see him and, perhaps, retract their earlier statements that there is no such person.

Parkinson has been a poster artist, stage manager, museum assistant, journalist, and eight years ago became Raffles Professor of History at the University of Malaya. It was during the war, while in the British Army, that he formulated the beginnings of "The Law." He was serving at a combined headquarters, under four very high officers. At one point the colonel fell sick; his assistant had to go away; another officer soon left on business; and finally the fourth in command was called away for some reason or another. While this was happening, Parkinson noticed that as each of his superiors went away, the work became easier.

"I soon found myself doing all the work," he now recalls, "and I was able to clean things up fairly early every morning and have the rest of the day off."

Parkinson's Law: (a) Work expands so as to fill the time available

for its completion. (b) Subordinates multiply at a fixed rate, regardless of the amount of work produced.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT

By William Siden

The adage linking twig to tree
Seems oversimplified to me,
For oft' a parent's best intent
Is wasted on a natural bent,
Or a stubbornly unbending twig
Becomes an upright pain when big
What's needed is an adage that
Defines the fate of *any* brat
From which the thoughtful might infer
That nasty people always were.
So submit this, apropos:
"Great aches from little ogres grow."

FROM "The Ancient Greeks and Joe Miller" (Roxburghe Club) I have learned that those people were real

cards. Even the Spartans liked to laugh, though their wit was quick and to the point. A Spartan, for example, was invited to hear a man imitate a nightingale.

"Thank you," he replied, "but I've heard the bird itself."

Diogenes was supposed to have been an amusing fellow. When he saw the child of a prostitute throwing stones into a crowd, he said, "Careful, you might hit your father."

Gnathaena, the hetaira, apparently had real spontaneous wit. When a man poured her some wine, and said that it was sixteen years old, she cracked, "Small for its age, isn't it?"

One of her friends was the playwright Diphilus. One day, when he was being served drinks at her house, he asked her how she kept the wine so cold. She replied, "Oh, we pour in one of your plays."

Once Gnathaena was having dinner at the house of another courtesan named Dexithea. Dexithea kept setting aside all the choicest portions to take to her mother. Finally Gnathaena said,

"You know, I should have had dinner with your mother instead of you."

TOUGH QUIZ: The list below is made up of pen-names in alphabetical order. Further along, on page 7, are the real names of the authors. Can you match the pairs correctly? (The answers can be found on page 8.)

Pseudonyms:

1. Max Brand
2. Pearl Buck
3. Agatha Christie
4. Clemence Dane
5. A. A. Fair

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6. George Orwell
7. Leslie Parker
8. Ellery Queen
9. Jules Romain
10. Ethel Vance
11. S. S. Van Dine
12. Rebecca West

Real names:

a. Cicily Isabel Andrews
b. Winifred Ashton
c. Eric Blair
d. Dannay and Lee
e. Louis Farigoule
f. Frederick Faust
g. Erle Stanley Gardiner
h. Mrs. M. E. L. Mallowan
i. Grace Zaring Stone
j. Angela Thirkell
k. Mrs. Richard J. Walsh
l. Willard Huntington Wright

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: ▶ As part of the big clean-up campaign, the metropolis is plastered with signs which ask, "Did you make New York dirty today?" On one of them, in the subway, someone has lettered neatly: "No, but New York made *me* dirty today."

▶ During the brewery strike, two weeks ago, negotiations broke down. The New York *Daily News* headlined it: "Still at Lagerheads."

▶ Recipes I never finished reading, from *Herald Tribune* woman's page: "Shrimp in beer. Bring beer to a boil in deep kettle . . ."

▶ From the beautiful picture book "Israel" (Orion), this quotation from the aphorisms of Haggadah: "There are four minds in the bed of a divorced man who married a divorced woman."

▶ Again: "Every man who does not teach his son a trade, it is as though he teaches him to rob."

▶ Speaking of Agatha Christie, her best and most popular mystery. "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" (Dodd,

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1269)

ANYA SETON:
THE WINTHROP WOMAN

Her father had owned a few volumes of sermons, but his reading, except for the Bible, had consisted of Gerard's "Herbal." The Winthrops' library books—in Latin—had unappealing titles. She had not guessed that reading might yield pure enjoyment.

On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

THE POSTMAN COMETH

I have recently received several letters from readers which have been so interesting, so piquant, so *je ne sais quoi*, that I feel I must share them with all of you. The letters and my replies follow:

SIR:

Maybe you can help me. I came up to college eight years ago. On my very first day I got into a bridge game in the student union. I am still in the same bridge game. I have never gone to class, cracked a book, or paid any tuition. All I do is play bridge.

To explain my long absence and keep the money coming from home, I told a harmless little lie. I said I was in medical school. This made Dad (my father) terribly proud. It also enabled me to keep playing bridge. We were both very happy.

But all good things must come to an end. Mine ended when I came home for Christmas vacation. I arrived to find that Sister (my sister) was in the hospital with an ingrown spleen. Dr. Norbert Sigafoos, the eminent ingrown spleen surgeon, was scheduled to operate, but unfortunately he was run over by a hot-food cart on the way to the scrubbing room.

"Oh, never mind," chuckled Dad (my father). "Harlow (me) will fix Sister (my sister)."

Well sir, what could I do? If I told the truth I would make a laughingstock out of Dad (my father) who had been bragging about me all over town. Also I would get yanked out of school which would be a dirty shame just when I am beginning to understand the weak club bid.

There was nothing for it but to brazen it out. I got Sister (my sister) apart all right, but I must confess myself completely at a loss as to how to put her back together again. Can you suggest anything? They're getting pretty surly around here.

Sincerely,
Harlow Protein

Dear Harlow:

Indeed I do have the solution for you—the solution that has never failed me when things close in: Light up a Marlboro! Knots untie as you puff that fine rich tobacco. Shade becomes light as that grand flavor comes freely and friendlily through that splendid filter. Who can stay glum when Marlboro gives you such a lot to like? Not I. Not you. Not nobody.

SIR:

Just off the campus where I go to school there is a lake called Lake Widgiwagan. Thirty years ago when my father was an undergraduate here he went fishing one day in Lake Widgiwagan and dropped his Deke pin in the water. He dived for days but never found it.

Just yesterday—thirty years later, mark you!—I went fishing in Widgiwagan. I caught a four-pound bass. I took the fish home, cut it open, and what do you think I found inside?

You guessed it! Two tickets to the Dempsey-Firpo fight.

Sincerely,
Willis Wayde

© 1958, Max Shulman

* * *

This column is brought to you by the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes who suggest that if your mail has recently been blessed with some money from home, invest it in Marlboro, of course, in pack or box.

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GOOD EARNINGS give telephone users the best and biggest value for their money

A telephone customer wrote us an interesting letter a short time ago.

He wasn't either a share owner or an employee but he asked some interesting questions. He said he had wondered about the effect of "a consistently low return" on our business.

How would it influence our decisions? And what would eventually happen, he asked, if we must be "overburdened with caution" in plans to meet the nation's ever-growing telephone needs?

He concluded by suggesting that the Bell System must show the public how good earnings will benefit the customer . . . through better service, lower rates or both.

It is clear, we think, that the research, new equipment and building necessary for more and better service cost money. Only through good earnings can we attract the capital to do the job. Frequently we have to make huge outlays long before there is a single dollar of return.

The need and benefits of good earnings are shown in another way that is sometimes overlooked. That is the economy of being able to plan for the long pull instead of on a temporary, more expensive basis.

Take, for example, any community whose needs are growing. And that could very well be your community.

A new central office that will meet the needs for a reasonable period ahead will cost more at the start than a small office that will meet them for only a short time.

But the smaller office will have to be enlarged later and will cost more in the end. However, if we are financially able to do the most efficient job right at the start, the average cost through the years will be less.

Telephone people are called upon to make many decisions like this, day in and day out. And in all of them, good earnings are essential to assure the greatest economy and progress — for us and for you.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Mead), violates what Carolyn Wells called a basic precept of a detective story. That must have been about thirty-five years ago; Miss Christie hasn't done it again, and I don't believe any other murder mystery writer has, either. Agatha Christie's true name is Mrs. Max E. L. Mallowan. He is an archeologist who spends many months every year digging in the Near East and thereabouts. She goes along with him. The right answers for that silly quiz are these: 1, f; 2, k; 3, h; 4, b; 5, g; 6, c; 7, j; 8, d; 9, e; 10, i; 11, l; 12, a.

▶ I have been told that one of the juvenile gangs that is causing concern and trouble in New York City calls itself "The Ivy Leaguers." The uniform is a gray-flannel suit and narrow striped necktie. There is another street gang that dresses in jeans, boots, leather jackets, and all that stuff. But these toughs just loll around outside the candy store, barely talking and never moving all day long. They call themselves "The Comos."

▶ There used to be signs that said "No U-turn." Then someone thought of a better way of saying it: "Don't Cross Center Strip." Now the new Connecticut Turnpike has made it even clearer: "Crossing Median Divider Prohibited." Those Yankees build such educated roads!

▶ A housewife sent her husband to the store for some cheese. He walked into the big supermarket and of course didn't know where to start looking. He walked up to the manager, and said, "Take me to your liederkranz."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 787

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 787 will be found in the next issue.

UK UT ZIK ZNENTTCMD JIM

C HMUKNM KI AN EMCBD,

AXK UK UT XTNJXR.

LNIMLN TCZCKDCZC.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 786

To one who knows, it is superfluous to give advice; to one who does not know, it is insufficient.

—SENECA.

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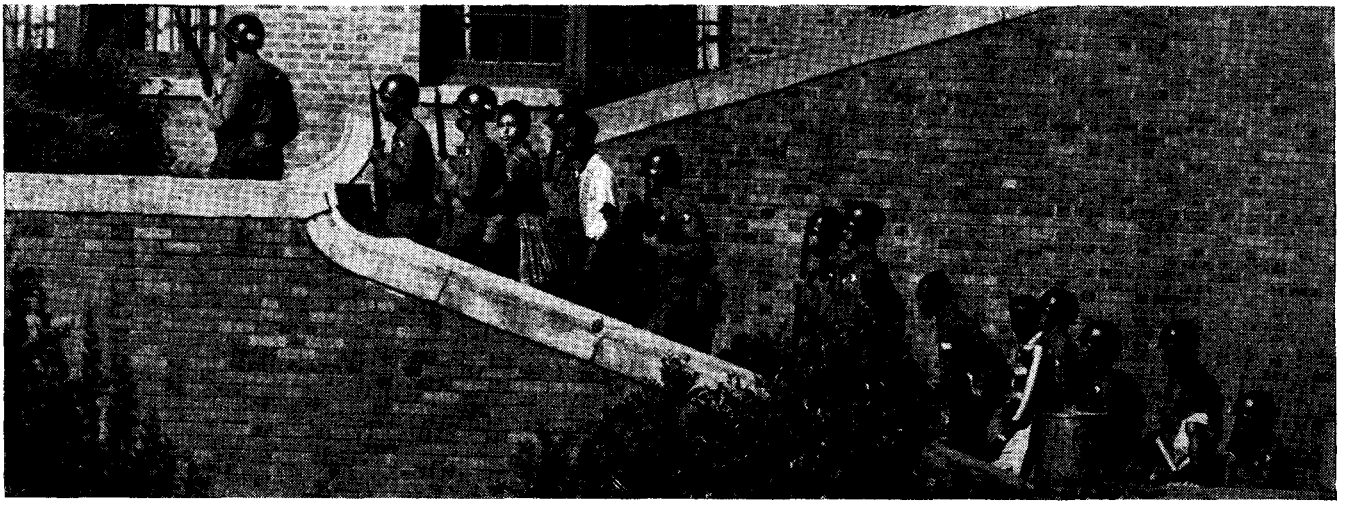
The Saturday Review

JULY 26, 1958

JOURNALISM ON CRUSADE

The Saga of the Arkansas Gazette



—*Burt Glinn (Magnum).*

". . . the Federal Government sent the 101st Airborne, the doors of the high school were opened, and the Negroes went to school."

By BRUCE CATTON

HISTORY is made in the most unexpected places, sometimes. The great events which go to make up the story of our times usually take place in the world capitals, like Washington and Moscow, or in recognized storm centers such as Suez or Indonesia, and involve world-famous people who are easily recognized. But once in a while comparatively obscure people in an out-of-the-way corner come to grips with something in a way that compels men and women everywhere to look and listen—and a significant paragraph or chapter is added to the historical record and becomes a permanent part of the world's annals.

There is, for instance, the city of Little Rock, capital of the state of Arkansas; a small city, pleasant and thriving and engaged in its own affairs, in which a dispute over the way the local school-system ought to be run suddenly became a matter of importance to the whole nation and of profound interest to the world at large; involving such fundamentals as the rule of law in a democracy, the relationship between the races, and the price which sometimes has to be paid for the exercise of one of mankind's basic freedoms, the freedom of the press. There was no way to know in advance that all of this would come to a head in Little Rock. The people immediately involved probably had little notion that what they were doing was of historic consequence. At a time when great nations are proceeding with the conquest of outer space, and are developing weapons which might conceivably bring the whole human story to a disastrous conclusion, the question of whether a handful of Negro youngsters could attend a specific high school in Little Rock must have seemed a matter of minor importance. Yet it became what it remains today—an affair that will find its place in the history books and that will be studied and discussed long after those presently active in it have passed on.

This particular chapter of history is not yet complete, but it was given an added dimension recently by the unprecedented award of two Pulitzer prizes in journalism—one to the *Arkansas Gazette,* and another to its courageous executive editor, Harry Ashmore.

Between them, the newspaper and its editor have done much to restore the balance in Little Rock. If Little Rock produced the dreary integration riots, it also produced the journal that instantly rebuked resort to mob action and demanded respect for law and for Constitutional processes. The most consistent, effective and continuing argument against the course followed by Governor Orval E. Faubus and the White Citizens' Councils has been presented, not by a spokesman safely insulated in the remote North, but by a Little Rock paper which is as definitely an Arkansas institution as anything in the entire state.

A good many acres of newsprint and several miles of camera film have already been consumed recording events in Little Rock since September 4, 1957, the day when Governor

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J. N. HEISKELL, *president and editor,* Arkansas Gazette: "The man who is responsible for the destiny of a newspaper must make daily accounting to his community and to his own conscience. . . ."

Faubus used the Arkansas National Guard to keep nine Negro students from attending Central High School, which normally has a student body of about 2,000. Since there has been such extensive coverage, the immediate background of events in Little Rock is familiar to everyone. A brief summary of those events would read about as follows:

In 1954 the Supreme Court of the United States ruled that separation of white and Negro children in public school systems is unconstitutional. On February 26, 1957, Governer Faubus signed a bill, whose passage he had urged on the Arkansas legislature, creating a State Sovereignty Commission with the governor as chairman and empowering it with full powers "to protect the sovereignty of the state of Arkansas." On August 30, 1957, the Federal District Court at Little Rock ordered the Little Rock school board to proceed with its prepared plan for integrating the students at Central High School. Governor Faubus presently ordered the National Guard to occupy the school, and on September 4 these troops denied admittance to the nine Negroes. Three weeks later the Federal Government sent units of the 101st Airborne Infantry to Little Rock, the doors of the high school were opened, and the Negroes went to school.

HARRY ASHMORE, *executive editor,* Arkansas Gazette: "Sometime, somehow, every Arkansan is going to have to be counted. We are going to have to decide what kind of people we are. . . ."

Integration, in other words, was enforced in Little Rock last fall by the power of the Federal Government, over the objection of the State government. Whether integration can continue next fall is more than doubtful, considering the recent "delay" order of the Federal District Judge.

Little Rock will remain an obscure footnote to history if it means no more than echoes of a Reconstruction, Nullification, "white supremacy" past. It gets world attention because it is a situation in which America's basic policy toward the application of full democracy to the colored race is being hammered out in full view of everybody—and also because of the fact that here, as so often in the past, a courageous newspaper has stepped forward, at substantial risk to itself, to insist that the evolution of American policy be permitted to take place in an orderly manner with full respect for the basic laws of the land.

The Arkansas Gazette happens to be the oldest newspaper west of the Mississippi River. It was established in 1819, and in the ordinary course of things it might be expected to be so deeply crusted with age and tradition that it would play everything safe, editorialize only on subjects that never reached the level of live controversy, and cuddle up to its readers, its advertisers and the powers-that-be in the hope of enjoying an untroubled and prosperous senescence.

As it happens, however, the *Gazette* is not that kind of newspaper. Its proprietor is J. N. Heiskell, now eighty-five years of age. He has been president and editor of the paper for more than half a century, and is perhaps the last survivor of the school that produced such editors as William Allen White and Josephus Daniels. The *Gazette* has never run away from a fight. Early in the present century it tangled vigorously with a local demagogue named Jeff Davis, whose kindest epithet for the *Gazette* was "that old red harlot." A few years ago, when Heiskell finished half a century in the editorial chair, friends and fellow-editors from all over gave a dinner in his honor, and at this dinner he expressed the creed that he has always observed, as follows:

> The man who is responsible for the destiny of a newspaper must make daily accounting to his community and to his own conscience, and when at last he has written the complete record of his service he must make final account. He cannot use for measurement the money he has made or the size of his circulation or the volume of advertising. It is as if he entered a tribunal staffed by judges, stern in judgment but just and righteous and tolerant within the bounds of duty and conscience. Then the question will be whether he has been faithful to his obligation to serve his community and serve mankind or whether he must be adjudged guilty of betrayal of his high mission and his great opportunity. The question will be whether he can look his judges in the eye and ask discharge from his labors with the words: "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." If he keeps the faith he will fight a good fight and he will finish his course.

In youthful Harry Ashmore, Southern-born and reared, Heiskell has an executive editor who sees eye-to-eye with him. And when Governor Faubus used the National Guard to keep the nine Negro children out of Central High School, Ashmore promptly editorialized on the matter. History was being made outside of his window, and Ashmore—making, as Heiskell has put it, daily accounting to his community and to his own conscience—declared that the governor's action could pose "the most serious Constitutional question to face the national government since the Civil War." The Federal Government, he went on, had no choice but to proceed with enforcement of the Supreme Court decision. The editorial continued:

> Thus the issue is no longer segregation vs. integration. The question has now become the supremacy of the government of the United States in all matters of law.

The *Gazette* went on from there, day after day, attacking Governor Faubus and placing the entire question on the plane of law and order:

> Sometime, somehow every Arkansan is going to have to be

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counted. We are going to have to decide what kind of people we are—whether we obey the law only when we approve of it, or whether we obey it no matter how distasteful we may find it.

The *Gazette* had a fight on its hands. Through all the events leading up to the open fight over integration, the zealots of the White Citizens' Councils had been active. Now they opened fire on the *Gazette*. People were urged to stop subscribing. Newsboys who delivered the *Gazette* were threatened, directly or through their parents, by anonymous notes and telephone calls. Alarmed parents took some newsboys off their routes, and others quit without waiting for the fathers and mothers to tell them to. Naturally, the paper's circulation was affected.

Next came a drive to deprive the *Gazette* of its advertising income. In mid-December, Little Rock merchants got anonymous letters announcing "a massive crusade to be launched against stores whose ads appear in the *Arkansas Gazette*. The letters made explicit threats:

"As we move into an election year, with the stirred emotions that a political campaign always brings, and the Governor castigating the *Gazette* before wild and cheering audiences—care will be taken that (Firm Name) is identified as a *Gazette* supporter." The letters went on to say that "There is a rising tide of race feeling—in fact, a revolution is beginning in the South and Little Rock" and wound up with the warning: "This is your notice to make your own choice."

THE *Gazette* itself promptly got hold of one of these letters—and boldly published it, in facsimile, at the top of its first page, with an editorial putting the situation on the line for all Arkansans to see. Insisting that the only issue was law and order, Ashmore laid the crisis at the door of "a small group of extremists who seek to rule this city by terror, coercion and boycott of the sort typified in this anonymous letter." His editorial went on to say:

> This newspaper is their immediate target, but it is not their only one. They have used the same techniques of slander, vilification and abuse against the respected members of the Little Rock School Board and its officials and attorneys, against the successful candidates for the new City Manager Board of Directors, against the ministers of the city's leading churches, and against some business firms—in short,

(*Continued on page* 50)

Arkansas Gazette.

An Editorial

Is Revolution the Answer?

Nuclear War Peril Greater, Reds Warn

Fires Kill 29

Cloud Hovers At B-52 Crash

U.S. Ships Fight High Seas

U.S. Regains Speed Record

Two weeks before Christmas 1957, a number of business firms in Little Rock, Arkansas, received the letter *SR* has reprinted below. The contents constituted an attempt at killing off the *Arkansas Gazette* by scaring off advertisers. An interested party turned his copy over to the *Gazette*, and on December 13 the editors reprinted it in full on their front page (reproduced at left), omitting only the name of the addressee, over an editorial that challenged the revolutionary aims of the unknown letter-writers, who had not only distorted the *Gazette's* position on the desegregation issue, but in addition were apparently prepared to defy the Supreme Court and the whole Federal Government, if they had to, to force through their extremist program.

Is Revolution the Answer?

Advertising Department
(FIRM NAME)
Little Rock, Arkansas

Gentlemen:

PLANS are in the making for a massive crusade to be launched against stores whose ads appear in the *Arkansas Gazette*.

The *Gazette* has played a leading role in breaking down our segregation laws, destroying time honored traditions that have made up our southern way of life, and at last bringing upon the people of Little Rock the most insufferable outrage ever visited upon an American city. The people thus outraged have awakened. They have discovered that this infamous *Gazette* has a source of revenue. They have further discovered that your store contributes to the *Gazette* source of income with frequent ads.

A crusade, using no one approach but many, lasting not one day or month but many days and many months, is to be launched not only against the *Gazette* but against your store as long as it advertises in the *Arkansas Gazette*.

Each ad you place in the *Arkansas Gazette* is to be a positive notification to every outraged white person that your store ignores their feelings and does not care for their business.

As negroes try to push their way deeper into the white schools and white society, race relations will continue to be inflamed. This will provide a perfect atmosphere to carry on this crusade.

The *Arkansas Gazette* has identified itself with integration of the races. When white people think of Negroes in our schools and bayonets in our backs they automatically think of the *Arkansas Gazette*. Before long your store will be identified with this class. The white people will soon be saying, "The *Gazette*, supported by (FIRM NAME) is cramming the negro down our throats."

As we move into an election year, with the stirred emotions that a political campaign always brings, and the Governor castigating the *Gazette* before wild and cheering audiences—care will be taken that (FIRM NAME) is identified as a *Gazette* supporter.

There is a rising tide of race feeling—in fact a revolution is beginning in the South and Little Rock. Your store and all stores that advertise in the *Arkansas Gazette* will be placed on one side or the other. This is your notice to make your own choice.

Sincerely,
An Indignant Group.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

FSMs and the Future

By Granville Hicks

ELMO ROPER is the man who knows what an FSM is. Addressing the convention of the American Booksellers Association last month, he told his audience: "You and I, and most of the people we spend time with from day to day, belong to the FSMs. The FSMs are a small, select group of the population. The initials FSM, of course, stand for Facile Symbol Manipulators." According to Mr. Roper, we FSMs—and, "of course," all readers of *The Saturday Review* are FSMs—tend to forget that "reading books is hard intellectual labor for most people."

Mr. Roper's address, which has been printed in *Publishers' Weekly*, deserves attention not only for what he says but also for how he says it. There are three road blocks, he reports, in the way of the bookseller: "Book reading is intellectually taxing. Book buying is regarded by many as economically risky. Book owning is socially deviant." (To prove his third point, he tells a couple of bizarre stories about houses that depreciated in value because they contained bookshelves.) Not only the reading of books but intellectual achievement in general lacks the folk status of baseball. "There is no widespread folk tradition that seeks out and trains and sponsors and takes pride in exceptional intellectual talent. There are no 'little leagues' of the mind."

Perhaps there is not much here that we haven't always known, but Mr. Roper's use of professional jargon makes his generalizations seem particularly bald and shocking. Everyone realizes that there are people to whom it would never occur to buy a book, but I at least had never thought of book owning as socially deviant. All of us wish that the intellectual life were more highly esteemed, but we boggle at the idea of "little leagues of the mind."

Mr. Roper thinks that something has to be done: "The United States," he says, "must experience an intellectual renaissance or it will experience defeat." And he has a program. He wants, among other things, a mass campaign—"cooperative endeavor by the schools, the churches, the service clubs and fraternal groups, by trade associations, by individual leaders in government and in business, certainly by all the media"—to establish the importance of intellectual achievement.

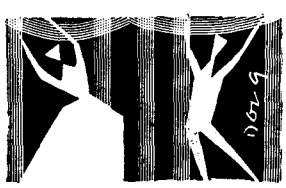
One shudders to think of some of the forms such a campaign might take, and yet the suggestion has to be seriously considered. Howard Taubman has been writing in *The New York Times* of the pressures exerted by the Soviet government to interest its citizens in the arts, and, although he recognizes all the problems of art in a totalitarian society, he seems pretty well convinced that the pressures have their beneficent results. In this country last March the National Book Committee and the American Library Association united to make an extraordinary propaganda effort in connection with National Library Week, and a recently issued report lists some imposing achievements. When you think what kinds of pressure are exerted in this country and what they are exerted for, you cannot regard a campaign for the recognition of the importance of intellectual achievement as a bad thing, even though you may not be sure how much of a good thing it would prove to be.

The difficulty with Mr. Roper's approach—and I suspect he is representative of the people who would become leaders in such a campaign—is revealed in his peroration: "If this intellectual renaissance that I'm talking about is going to take place, it won't be a matter of the American people giving up the competitive, time-driven, slightly anxious hurly-burly that has always characterized our society and moving into a new and placid life of contemplation. It will be the other way round. Books and ideas, scientific thinking and honest controversy will have to muscle in on the turbulent main stream of our great and free society."

Can you imagine "Walden," say, or "Leaves of Grass" or "Moby Dick" muscling into a turbulent main stream? The literary masterpieces of our country and of all countries demand not placidity, certainly, but undivided attention. You have to detach yourself from the hurly-burly to get anything out of them.

It is the hurly-burly that is the enemy of reading. In 1957, Mr. Roper reports, a survey by George Gallup indicated that only 17 per cent of American adults were currently read-

(*Continued on page* 50)



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ON WITH THE DANCE

Most composers have written dance music, for real or for the record. Robert McKenzie of Worcester, Massachusetts, asks you to assign to each of the composers listed below the proper compositions. Partners are chosen on page 29.

1. Malcolm Arnold	( ) Rumanian Dances
2. Béla Bartók	( ) Invitation to the Dance
3. Ludwig van Beethoven	( ) Davidsbundler Dances
4. Alexander Borodin	( ) German Dances
5. Johannes Brahms	( ) Vienna Dances
6. Paul Creston	( ) Danse Macabre
7. Claude Debussy	( ) Polovtsian Dances
8. Antonin Dvořák	( ) Hungarian Dances
9. Gabriel Fauré	( ) New Dance
10. Michael Glinka	( ) English Dances
11. Morton Gould	( ) Pavane pour une Infante Defunte
12. Edvard Grieg	( ) Skater's Waltz
13. Paul Hindemith	( ) Danzas Fantasticas
14. Zoltán Kodály	( ) Dance Variations
15. Franz Liszt	( ) Pavane
16. Douglas Moore	( ) Slavonic Dances
17. Maurice Ravel	( ) Circus Polka
18. Wallingford Riegger	( ) Cotillion Suite
19. Camille Saint-Saëns	( ) Mephisto Waltz
20. Franz Schubert	( ) Dances Sacrées et Profanes
21. Robert Schumann	( ) Norwegian Dances
22. Igor Stravinsky	( ) Symphonic Dances
23. Joaquin Turina	( ) Dance Overture
24. Emil Waldteufel	( ) Mazurka—Life for the Czar
25. Carl Maria von Weber	( ) Galanta Dances

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SOCIETY

U.S. Culture: No Apologies

In an apocryphal gathering of argumentative Europeans an American who might refer to the American way of life would likely provoke a buzz of contempt. Some Frenchman might disinter the hoary remark that "America is the unique example of a society that has proceeded from barbarism to decadence without any of the intervening benefits of civilization." To which the stereotype American might be expected to reply blandly, "Our aims and values, my dear sir, are crystal clear: they're to be found in the Declaration of Independence, where it is written that life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness are the endowed rights of every American." "What kind of liberty, what kind of happiness?" the Frenchman might challenge, confident that the American would answer, "Success." At this point an English industrialist from Birmingham might interpose aggressively, "The god that you Yankees worship is the Almighty Dollar: in the old days of Napoleon we English were called a nation of shopkeepers—but you Americans have outdistanced us: you have become a nation of moneytheists."

By WALTER STARKIE

SUCH a conversation as the foregoing contains some of the stock criticisms that are leveled at Americans by Europeans and at the outset of his latest work, "The Cultured Man," Professor Ashley Montagu, the noted anthropologist, refers to them as examples of the superficial and wing-headed criticism usually made by foreigners who have visited the United States for varying periods of time. "No one," he notes, "likes being called names, when there is an element of truth in the names. It has been stated with somewhat monotonous frequency that Americans are immature, and one of the evidences cited as supporting this accusation is the manner in which Americans react to criticism. Since we have been the recipients of so much misinformed criticism we have tended to pay little attention to criticism."

The majority of European critics make a habit of comparing the best of their own culture with the worst of the American. In certain things Europeans decidedly excel: the good manners of the average Englishman, the cooking of the French, the cleanliness of the German streets, the poetry of the English poets, the paintings of the French painters, and the extraordinary literary ability of so many Germans, the warmth and artistic abilities of Italians, the order and craftsmanship of Scandinavians. Speaking of music, however, the author reminds us that Beethoven is probably performed more frequently and heard by more people in the United States than in any other country of the world, and he adds the following striking statistics: There are today about 1,000 symphony orchestras in the U.S., 450 opera-producing groups, more than 255 educational institutions that offer degree courses in music, while over 33,000,000 Americans play musical instruments. These facts make it clear that America is now one of the great musical centers of the world. In the other fields of culture, such as the drama, literature, and the humanities, America more than holds her own with Europe today. No less than twelve Americans have received the Nobel Prize for Peace, far more than the number awarded to the citizens of any other land. Undoubtedly in the cultural field America does not suffer by comparison with Europe.

There is, nevertheless, a growing feeling among Americans that they need to concern themselves more actively with the direction in which their culture should go. The principal purpose of a democratic society, Professor Montagu declares, should be the cultivation of such values in its citizens as will enable them to realize their best potentialities, as well those of their fellow men, for being humane. To be humane originally meant to be possessed of those qualities which an education in the fine arts brought one. The humane man was one whose qualities were civilizing, refining, and harmonizing. The conception of the humane man and the humanities reached its highest development in the eighteenth century, in the era of Enlightenment, the age of Dr. Johnson, Burke, Voltaire, Rousseau, Jefferson, and Washington; the American and French revolutions; the Industrial Revolution, in which the machine came into being.

Machines in replacing the labor of human beings diminish rather than increase the qualities of civilization

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In his latest book Ashley Montagu peruses the contemporary American scene for his definition of ***"The Cultured Man"*** *(World. 284 pp. $3.95). So that each reader may determine for himself his own "cultural quotient," Dr. Montagu has in addition devised a series of tests. The work is reviewed by Walter Starkie, who, according to Dr. Montagu's criteria, is indeed a cultured man. Both music and literary critic, he has been, in a long and varied career, professor of Spanish and Italian studies at Trinity College, Dublin, director of the British Institute in Madrid, and the author of many books.*

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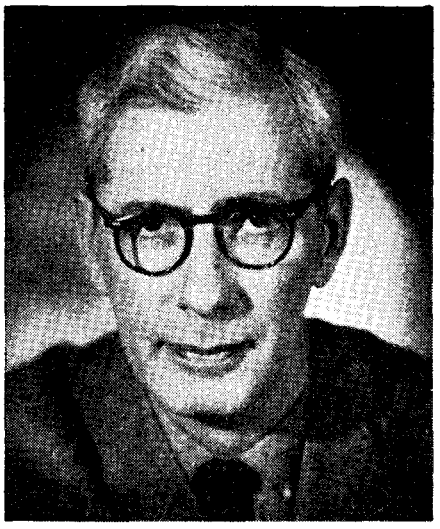
and refinement, for the machine tends to coarsen rather than to refine the fiber of human existence; it tends to mechanize. During the nineteenth and twentieth centuries the qualities of refinement and humanity virtually disappeared from Western man's psyche because they were incompatible with the spirit of rabid nationalism that arose in many European countries.

What has become painfully clear in our twentieth century—the era of competition and exploration—is that civilized man follows what his society does, not what it says, and goes in quest of the idols of competitive success rather than the noble ideals of his culture. A great deal has been said about Freedom, Democracy, and Atomic Warfare, but we have not yet decided what to do to prevent the world cataclysm about which we talk so glibly. We must make up our minds to secure the universal banning of atomic weapons, but at the same time we must realize that all war, all inhumanity, in whatever shape or form it takes, can no longer be tolerated, and that most, if not all human problems can be solved by human beings working together, cooperatively rather than in conflict with one another. This is the historic moment for the creation of the cultured man who will be called upon to face those gigantic problems not only in America but throughout the world, for the prime necessity of a democracy is not to make dollars and to follow the policy of a former President of the United States, Calvin Coolidge, who once remarked that the business of a democracy was business, but to make cultured human beings, for a society is only as strong as its internal resources of humane understanding.

When describing the qualities the cultured man should possess Dr. Montagu attacks the education given in the universities today, saying that it would be more accurately defined as instruction. Almost always the subjects are taught as if they were unrelated, and as if the chief immediate purpose of learning them was to pass examinations and take a degree. One of the results of this kind of education is that it tends to reverse the true order of things, as when men become enslaved by the machines that were originally created to serve them. Thus many among us who appear to be working very hard to support automobiles, television sets, and other such gadgets, in the belief that they are necessary to our existence because they give us pleasure, do not realize that they have become our masters.

The author gives a graphic description of the dangers that will threaten our civilization in America and Europe



—*Editta Sherman.*

Ashley Montagu—"a graphic description."

when we are launched into the Age of Automation, which, as he says, will also be the Age of Leisure. In colonial days every American believed in the Biblical adage that man's lot on earth was to work by the sweat of his brow, and at the time of the War of Independence the average American worked ninety hours a week. By the end of the Civil War that stretch was reduced to about seventy hours, and in 1900 sixty hours was the average working week. Less than thirty years later it was down to fifty hours, and by 1955 it arrived at the standard forty-hour week of the present. Today many talk seriously of a four-day, and even a three-day working week. Thus millions of Americans will find themselves with an immense amount of time on their hands, and squarely faced with the problem of turning it into leisure as opposed to ennui, idleness, or worse.

LEISURE, the author declares, is the most challenging responsibility that a man can be offered, for it is when he is free to do what he pleases that he is really called upon to exhibit the quality of his internal resources. Even in the days of ancient Greeks leisure was a problem, and the wisest of them all, Aristotle, the teacher of Alexander the Great, in his "Politics" stated that the aim of education is the wise use of leisure. Leisure was a problem for Aristotle's countrymen because the heavy work of the state was done by the slaves, and the cultured man was free to talk philosophy in the Portico, witness the plays of Euripides in the theatre of Dionysos or wander off to Delos, Delphi, or Eleusis for the good of his soul, whereas we moderns have our eyes, ears, and minds so lotus-drugged from childhood by the cinema, radio, and television that we prefer the succession of fleeting images that float before us on the screen to real drama, real music, and real life.

The gloomy dreams of the prophets tell us repeatedly that too much leisure with too much money has always been the dread of societies across the ages, for that is when nations collapse from within and fall. Idleness, the most fatiguing of all disorders, may well become endemic among a people unprepared for the intelligent use of leisure, and our author waxes indignant when he indicates that thirty-nine million out of the forty-six million American homes have at least one television set in them and that in Boston there are more television sets than bathtubs. Furthermore, Dr. Montagu asserts that the communications industry (in which he includes newspapers, magazines, books, advertising, as well as radio and television) serves not only to debase a man's taste but also to reduce his experience as a human being, for instead of developing as an actively thoughtful, humanely interested critic appreciative of his culture, he becomes a mere passive receptacle, a victim of the inexcusable purveyors of popular distraction and the manipulations of hidden persuaders.

The cultured man, on the contrary, makes a wise use of his leisure, devotes a certain part of his day to solitude, and retires to a room of his own where in complete privacy he will have full opportunity for contemplation. Nevertheless, man in the free Western world as he grows more independent, critical, and self-reliant becomes more isolated, lonely, and afraid. This drives him to flee from freedom and reliance upon his own efforts and to prefer to be supported by his fellow-men.

". . . man's flight from this kind of anxious freedom serves to foster the conditions that minister to the shrinkage of his personality and the ever-growing invasion of his privacy," Dr. Montagu writes. Today, whether we like it or not, anyone who chooses to do so can know everything—both true and false—that it is possible to know about us—in fact, more than we know about ourselves. There are manpower lists, biographical reference works, telephone books, the scandal-mongering yellow press, private eyes, public eyes, FBIs, wire-tapping, hidden persuaders, "subliminal conditioning." "Big Brother" of George Orwell's prophetic novel "Nineteen Eighty-Four" is already watching us. All the resources of modern science are mobilized against the individual, and even his nerves are allowed no peace, for at all hours of day or night the public noises destroy his right to rest.

All through this book lurks the author's constant fear lest the govern-

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ment will overemphasize the value of science and technology and diminish the value of the humanities, and thus render the idea of the cultured man obsolete and unrealistic.

At times Professor Montagu is unduly pessimistic about America and forgets the numerous colleges situated up and down the United States where there is communal life and intellectual interchange between the professors, the students and the cultured élite of the town. I have met the cultured man our author has so eloquently described in such colleges as Trinity in Hartford, Conn., Davidson in North Carolina, Shorter in Georgia, Oberlin in Ohio, Carleton in Minnesota, Linfield in Oregon, Rollins in Florida—to mention but a few of the many little paradises of the humanities where the surroundings and the humanistic spirit of professor and student recalled the best residential colleges of Europe.

It was of such colleges that America's poet Robert Frost was thinking when, in one of his broadcasts last year, he said that not even Homer could have found a more eager and receptive audience for his poems than are to be found today in the many colleges and college towns of the United States of America. In such colleges professors and students consort together, classes become joint humanistic explorations, and the mutual relationship may be described in the words Plato used of such a teacher: "After much converse about the matter and a life lived together, suddenly a light, as it were, is kindled in one soul by a flame that leaps to it from another, and thereafter sustains itself."

In the second part of his book Dr. Montagu has created an instructive test whereby the reader may assess his own status as a cultured person in each of a total of fifty categories of knowledge and experience. This is achieved through 1,500 questions (with answers following). Most of the questions test knowledge, while the remainder test attitudes. Even those readers who object to scoring themselves or others will be fascinated by the author's snappy answers, which sometimes have a bearing on the theories he has enunciated in the first part. There are quaint snippets of knowledge such as the origin of "a tinker's dam," the meaning of "serendipity" and "what should be done with bores." "The uses of philosophy," the author answers, "lie in the critical insight it provides into those things with which science cannot deal. But when science is able to take a problem out of the hands of philosophers and provide the verifiable answer, seven hosannas are offered up in Heaven."

Lonely Forest People

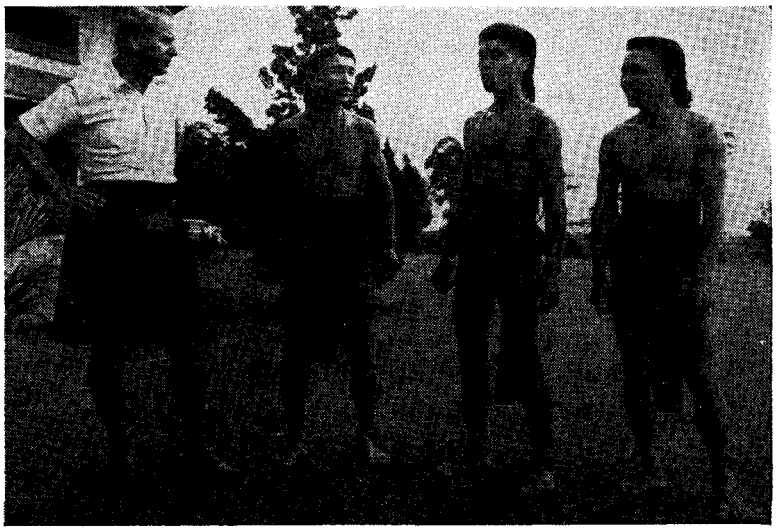
"Borneo People," by Malcolm MacDonald *(Knopf. 424 pp. $6.50), is an account of savage tribes and jungle peoples, by the former Governor-General of Malaya and British Borneo. Rhoda Métraux, our reviewer, is an anthropologist at the Institute for Inter-Cultural Affairs.*

By Rhoda Métraux

IN JULY, 1946, the Governor-General of Malaya and British Borneo flew to Kuching to take part in the ceremonies by which Sarawak ceased to be governed by its White Rajah and became Britain's newest colony in Borneo. So ended the adventure in personal government which had begun a hundred years before when young James Brooke sailed his yacht, *Royalist*, up the Sarawak River to Kuching, then a remote town in a remote province of the remote Sultanate of Brunei and, in the space of two years, made himself the ruler of a native state. James Brooke and his successors brought peace and security to a part of Borneo which had long been notorious for its pirates. In time they succeeded in suppressing headhunting among the "wild men of Borneo," and in establishing a peculiarly personal relationship with their subjects, who ranged from the most primitive forest nomads, to peoples living in long-house societies, to Malay administrators, and Chinese farmers and businessmen. But at the end of World War II the complex problems of restoring an area devastated by fighting and occupation and of preparing this congeries of people for self-government in the modern world demanded skills which are available, if at all, to a modern government. So the peoples of Sarawak became British subjects, and the first task of the new government was to set up a new relationship to them. In doing this Malcolm MacDonald, who was then Governor-General, became a traveler on wild rivers, a visitor to long-houses, and a participant in pagan ceremonies.

AS THE title of his book, "Borneo People," suggests, his chief interest was in the people themselves, and he writes mainly about the pagan tribes —the Land Dayaks, whose lonely fortress villages in the mountains go back to a time when they fled from the murderous activities of pirates and head-hunters; the Ibans, or Sea Dayaks, who were the fiercest head-hunters of them all; the Kenyahs and Kayans, who had caste societies in the jungle, and the Melanaus, a jungle people turned fishermen. More briefly he also writes about the Malay and Chinese of Sarawak.

Well informed and a good observer, MacDonald writes vividly of the forest and the river and long-houses, teaming with people; add to these the towns and one gets a sense of the lively confusion in faraway places where different civilizations meet. However, it is in his portrait sketches that he excels—in his vibrant and



Malcolm MacDonald with three Borneo chieftains—"different civilizations."

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sympathetic pictures of chiefs and their followers, their wives and their children, of whom one may be a little hunter and the other a schoolboy in immaculate white shirt and shorts. Neither an idealist nor a cynic nor a distant observer, he brings his people to life because he himself enjoyed dancing and singing and talking with them, and cared for them as individuals who held the past and the future in their hands.

"Borneo People" is more than a travel book, although it contains much that will delight the reader of such books. Behind MacDonald, naturalist and King's Representative and canny Scot, there is a long tradition of responsible travelers and administrators whose vision, eye for detail, curiosity, and capacity for making friends outside their own culture have had much to do with the way native peoples in the last fifty years have taken hold of modern civilization. This is a book both for those whose imagination is caught by the lives of individuals different from themselves and for those who have some interest in the qualities that carry across cultures, for this book is not only about the people of Borneo but is also, if indirectly, a candid self-portrait of its author, Malcolm MacDonald.

A Prophetic Way

"Judgments on History and Historians," by Jacob Burckhardt *(Beacon. 280 pp. $7.50), is an account of Western culture from earliest times through the eighteenth century, by the nineteenth-century Swiss historian. Crane Brinton, who reviews the study, is a professor of history at Harvard University and the author of "The Temper of Western Europe."*

By Crane Brinton

THIS book is a translation of the German text of Burckhardt's very full lecture notes for the course on the history of Western civilization he gave at the University of Basel in Switzerland from 1865 to 1885. It was first published in 1929 as the seventh volume of his collected works. No one should expect from such notes the completeness, coherence, and artistic finish of a book like Burckhardt's "Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy." Still, this is no series of fragments, but a connected account of Western culture from the ancients to the French Revolution—the one we can still call the great one—weighed in Burckhardt's own firm scale of values. It benefits from an excellent translation by Mr. Harry Zohn of Brandeis University, a translation that is faithful to the original. There are holes, there are not many of the kind of details—"facts"—textbooks have to have, and there are terms, attitudes, concepts, such as that of the sons of Shem and of Ham, that an historian would hardly use today. But the book remains a good piece of Burckhardt's mind, indeed a good short-cut to an acquaintance with that mind and personality.

Professor H. R. Trevor-Roper of Oxford University provides a brief and stimulating introduction, which will further help the reader to understand Burckhardt's survival into our own time. For it is obvious that people do read the Swiss historian now as they read but very few historians who flourished in the second half of the nineteenth century. We need not quarrel with Professor Trevor-Roper's verdict that Burckhardt, a misfit in his own time, indeed a rather minor historian in a provincial university, is for us far more pertinent, more alive, than the great Ranke himself, to say nothing of the whole tribe of monographists and writers of learned articles who so hopefully worked to further what they thought was objective, "scientific" history, who sought to tell merely "what really happened."

Nor need we refuse to accept Professor Trevor-Roper's major explanation of Burckhardt's survival, namely that he rejected the simple optimistic notion, so popular in his time, that a cultural as well as biological, unilinear evolution was leading mankind to a democratic Utopia just around the corner, that like ourselves he was troubled by some of the implications of Western democracy as it developed, that he did indeed foresee the *terribles simplificateurs* we know as totalitarian dictators.

All this is true, but it can stand still more pointing up in an even longer perspective than that of this stimulating introduction. Grant that Burckhardt did not like the vulgar, pushing, showy, gaslit culture of his time (he came to be very scornful of the materially prosperous imperial Germany, which he had found a "holy land" in its divided state of the 1840s), it is still true that most of his great Western contemporaries were alienated from that culture in one way or another. One wonders how the notion of the self-satisfied Victorians ever arose; surely Samuel Smiles and Horatio Alger, even with the addition of Mr. Longfellow, can hardly bear the burden. Recall just a small part of the role of the critics—often embittered and rebellious critics: Carlyle, Schopenhauer, de Vigny, Arnold, Thoreau, Melville, Marx, Dostoevsky, Georges Sorel, Nietzsche, Shaw. The list could be long indeed. It is a varied list, and varied most clearly in the degree to which its various members were famous and successful—in one sense at least—in their own lifetimes. Some were indeed "misfits," "out of season" (the phrase is Nietzsche's, who proudly counted himself as a failure, but who was in fact at the time of his death in 1900 already world-famous); but some were the culture-heroes of their time, notably a Carlyle, a Shaw.

IT WOULD be absurd to attempt to solve this problem in a brief review. But the problem is real, important, and worth careful study. This phase—so well suggested by Burckhardt's career and reputation, so well brought out in these "Judgments on History and Historians"—is but part of a larger problem, that of the place of the intellectual in our Western culture, sometimes put as the problem of the "alienation of the intellectuals." The phrase is unhappy, and leads to misunderstandings of all sorts. Notably, "intellectual" has all the wrong overtones; some variant of the Latin root in "cleric," which has the approval of writers as different as S. T. Coleridge and Julien Benda, may yet catch on. But the difficulties of terminology, the pretentiousness of much of what has to be called "sociology of knowledge," the sentiments—the passions—that line the way to understanding, ought not to bar the way to study of the problem. That study may well bring us back a bit nearer to that shocking Rankean phrase—"as it really happened"—than to Burckhardt's own prophetic ways.

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FICTION

"To See the World Awhile"

"The Dud Avocado," by Elaine Dundy *(Dutton. 255 pp. $3.50), or "The Vie Amoureuse of Sally Jay in Paris," tells of the lively exploits of an American girl with youth, charm, and two years to spend in France. It is reviewed by Hollis Alpert, the author of "The Summer Lovers."*

By Hollis Alpert

THE title, perhaps, needs explaining first. What exactly *is* a dud avocado? Well, for one thing, Max had it wrong. Sally Jay was trying to say that she was a dead avocado, not a dud one. And the whole thing came up because Stefan, a European, was trying to define the typical American girl. "These American girls are just like avocados," he said. "A hard center with the tender meat all wrapped up in a shiny casing. How I love them. So green—so eternally green." Sally Jay Gorse was one of these American girls, aged twenty, in Paris and on the loose for the first time in her life. She may not have been absolutely and utterly typical, but Elaine Dundy has made her recognizable. The Sally Jay Gorses do go to Paris, and to Rome, and anywhere that isn't the United States—although occasionally some of them try Greenwich Village first.

What makes them run—from wherever home was? Miss Dundy hasn't come up with entirely satisfactory answers, and maybe this is because she sympathizes a little too much with Sally Jay to see her with sternly detached objectivity. She sees her having a crazy, dreadful life in Paris, but it's all essentially fun because it's *Paris*, after all. Even the names on a map of the Metro system could send Sally Jay into ecstasies. "Porte des Lilas-Chatalet, Mairie d'Issy-Porte de la Chapelle, Vincennes-Neuilly. . . . How beautiful they sounded." Just being in Paris justified the tacky sort of existence that used to be called bohemian before the middle and upper classes took over bohemianism.

Sally's problem in Paris was largely men, just as it would be anywhere for any reasonably attractive twenty-year-old. Number one was a forty-year-old member of the Italian diplomatic service, and Sally Jay's affair with him is reminiscent of that album cover for a record called, I believe, "First Day in Paris." It shows a pretty, obviously American girl stretching before a window overlooking a view of Paris. She's wearing the top half of a set of men's pajamas. Then there are a couple of other affairs with artists, left bank, St.-Germain-des-Prés style, one with a beard and one without. Meanwhile, Sally Jay is fulfilling herself being an actress for an American group putting on shows (in English) for Parisians. She's even reviewed (the height of expatriatedom) in the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune*. Nevertheless, how far off-Broadway can one get?

Sally Jay's real trouble begins when she runs into Larry Keevil, a fast-talking, pretentious expatriate from the States. No one could make Sally Jay flip the way Larry could. But before her adventures with him are finished he has turned into a sinister fellow, given to seducing girls, then turning them into prostitutes and living off their earnings. A time-honored Parisian enterprise, but one not considered suitable for an American, and Sally Jay eventually learns the terrible truth about him. Miss Dundy's writing, hitherto generously filled with intellectual-type wisecracks, here manages to give the reader a chill or two. And this is because, in spite of Sally Jay's egocentricity, her blind worship of anything that is *not* American, she is a genuinely likable creation. One doesn't want to see this spirited, life-loving girl harmed.

SALLY JAY stands up for the new expatriates. They have just as much right to get away from home as Hemingway's group. "What you can't stand," she says at one point, "is the whole new young adventurous floating population with either just a little money or no money at all, no jobs, nothing, just a desire maybe to see the world awhile." Sally Jay is determined that she is not going to be stuffed into a pigeon hole. And probably that determination is what her struggles are all about. Anyway, Elaine Dundy has made them amusing, and at times appalling. But her writing is lively, witty, and somehow unafraid. "The Dud Avocado" may not be a well-made novel, in the strict sense, but it has brought some freshness into the American novel scene.

—Jan Rose.

ELAINE DUNDY was born in Great Neck, Long Island, about thirty years ago and at the present time is firmly established as a resident of London, where she is a novelist, radio and TV actress, housewife, mother of a six-year-old called Tracy, and wife of a well-known English drama critic, Kenneth Tynan. A great deal of writing goes on in the rambling six-room apartment that starts with a foyer and then proceeds to go around in a circle. In one room of the flat her husband Kenneth pounds away at his drama criticism and other works ("English writers work at a mad number of things at once," explains Elaine) while in another room his wife makes notes on her second novel. "There are ten notebooks filled already. I'm not an experienced writer." Kenneth works at an Olympia portable, and Elaine at a small Olivetti, and there is a nanny who sees to it that Tracy is not in the way while creativity is going on. Time for writing? Mrs. Dundy has all she needs. "People make a lot of weather about running a house," she said. "It doesn't put much of an imposition on me." Her background for writing "The Dud Avocado" came from nine months spent in Paris when she was twenty-one. From there she drifted to London, mainly to get acting jobs. She was sitting at an actor's club one night when she was introduced to Kenneth Tynan, who was only a year out of Oxford at the time. They went off together to see a movie double-feature. "One was a Marx Brothers, the other a W. C. Fields. Then I read Ken's first book, 'He That Plays the King,' and was ravished by it. He now reacts absolutely marvelously to my writing. The encouragement is quiet, but it's there." "The Dud Avocado" was turned down by several American publishers, and had the unusual distinction of being brought out first in Great Britain by Gollancz. Her British publishers wanted her to use the Tynan surname, but she refused. "Don't lady novelists generally use *their* last names?" she asked. The book quickly went into three printings in England, and Dutton here lost no time in getting hold of the American rights. Now a Londoner, she feels more than ever an American. "You don't feel American in America," she said. "You have to get away to feel like one."

—H. A.

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Milestones on the Road

***"At Lady Molly's," by Anthony Powell** (Little, Brown. 239 pp. $3.75), tells of a madcap ménage in the gay days of London's Thirties.*

By Anne Fremantle

THERE have been in England a bevy of contestants for the bouquet Marcel Proust threw down the stairs of time when he finally entered the empyrean. For the Proustian genre, unique though it is, has English elements in its make-up: Proust, if he got the size of his canvas from the great Russians, got his snobbishness from Thackeray and Trollope. Among Proust's (should one say high-jumping?) bridesmaids, Anthony Powell is well to the fore. Since the early promise of "Afternoon Men" and "From a View to a Death" he has given us "The Music of Time," of which "At Lady Molly's" is the fourth volume.

Its hero, living in London in the Thirties, and writing in the first person, is a young Etonian called Nicolas Jenkins, working in rather a desultory fashion at being a script-writer after writing a couple of novels and having a shot at publishing. A fellow-worker at the film-studio is Lovell, whose chief stock-in-trade is "expert manipulation of a vast horde of relations." Among these is his aunt, Lady Molly Jeavons, at whose rather ramshackle establishment all sorts and conditions of people are made welcome. Most are, as the French say, in the *cousinage* or are aspiring to be. Yet nothing is further from Mr. Powell than Angela Thirkell's world of strawberries and cambric tea, except the Waughish or Greene worlds where eternity stares icily back out of every looking glass. Here at Lady Molly's, for example, is Widmerpool, whose father sold manure, and who has done well in the City; he wishes to marry Mrs. Haycock, née the Hon. Mildred Blaides. Mr. Powell nutshells him: "His reappearance . . . helped to prove somehow rather consolingly, that life continued its mysterious, patterned way. Widmerpool was a recurring milestone on the road; perhaps it would be more apt to say that his course, as one jogged around the track, was run from time to time, however different the pace, in common with my own."

Mr. Powell's characters—like the frogs in the *haiku* that were all cousins of cousins—all talk; and occasionally he catches the inflections, the moods, that echo the fountains within from which flow the passion and the life. Jenkins, for example, in the midst of a plethora of engagements and affairs, which he is watching from the side lines, finds himself one evening "kicking my heels in one of those interminable cinema queues, paired off and stationary, as if life's co-educational school . . . had come to a sudden standstill." But he puts in these shocks of recognition almost too deliberately—like the raisins Aunt Tabitha Twitchet put in the dumpling offered the rescuer at the end of "The Tale of Samuel Whiskers"—"to hide the smuts." When Mr. Powell's relationships have become too static, his atmosphere too rarefied, he offers a sudden vista, as when Nicolas Jenkins first sets his eyes on Isobel Tolland (one sister batty, one a lesbian) and knows he will marry her. Then, he notes, "it was as if I had known her for many years already, enjoyed happiness with her and suffered sadness. I was conscious of that, as of another life, emotionally remembered. Then, at that moment, to be compelled to go through all the paraphernalia of introduction . . . seemed hardly worthwhile."

In describing the pre-World War I generation, Mr. Powell depicts his own method admirably: "Lady Warminster represented to a high degree that characteristic of her own generation that everything may be said, though nothing indecorous may be discussed openly. Layer upon layer of wrapping, box after box revealing in the Chinese manner yet another box, must conceal all doubtful secrets; only the discipline of infinite obliquity made it lawful to examine the seamy side of life." But this "discipline" has its disadvantages: one of which is that the reader is never engaged: he doesn't care that Widmerpool failed to satisfy Mrs. Laycock on their pre-nuptial night, nor that it is General Conyers who gives the Freudian reason why, nor that Quiggin's pretty mistress runs off with the *communisant* Erridge. Indeed, he finds he cannot care for any of the characters, be they cousins or kissing cousins.

IN THE LITTLE SPANISH TOWN of Linares, the great matador Manolete met his death. Barnaby Conrad's book of pictures-with-text, **"The Death of Manolete"** (Houghton Mifflin, $5), depicts this fatal duel between Manolete and the Miura bull, Islero. From the opening of the "gate of frights" to the hero's deathbed, the abundant photographs recapture the sense of drama and ritualistic beauty. Now, eleven years later, Manolete has become a symbol to *aficionados* everywhere of all those Hemingway-glorified virtues of courage, pride, and nobility.

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Warm Weather Diversions

Entertainments and Intrigue from England

By MARTIN LEVIN

INTRIGUE is a word that covers a multitude of dust jackets, especially during the soggy season, when publishers imagine that the human mind is too delicately poised for sterner stuff. Be that as it may, intrigue—from the banks of the Tagus to the brink of schizophrenia—is the staple of this mixed bag of summer reading. There isn't an above-board character in the lot.

Take Pongo Twistleton's Uncle Fred, one of the livelier figments of P. G. Wodehouse's imagination and an underhanded schemer from way back. In **"Cocktail Time"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) Uncle Fred devotes his massive intelligence and unlimited leisure to masterminding three marriages, turning an eminent barrister into a writer of sexy fiction, and foiling the machinations of one and a half blackmailers. (The one-half is a Drone named Cosmo Wisdom, who hasn't enough character to work whole-heartedly at anything.) It all starts, innocently enough at the Drones Club, when Uncle Fred wings Sir Beefy Bastable's topper with a slingshot, whereupon the plot rapidly thickens into a top-drawer Wodehouse confection.

An intriguer for connoisseurs is Ambrose Usher, Jocelyn Davey's sleuthing scholar, who runs into a delicious maze of hugger-mugger in **"The Naked Villany"** (Knopf, $3.50). As an extracurricular lark, Usher undertakes to track down some long lost Bach manuscripts for Sir Jacob Treverick, a brainy tycoon reminiscent of Shaw's Andrew Undershaft. Usher's search for the missing cantatas carries him buoyantly across several subplots, a couple of homicides, and some of the crispest social satire this side of Evelyn Waugh. The nub of Mr. Davey's finely chiseled "entertainment" is a struggle for power between Sir Jacob and his donnish cousin Erasmus, who wants to funnel his controlling interest in the family fortunes into the bottomless well of a scholarly foundation. When Erasmus is found dead in his chambers, suspicion points in an interesting variety of directions, all of which Mr. Davey explores with unflagging zest and humor.

Dr. Bill Durrant-Atwill, the conspiratorial psychiatrist in T. L. W. Hubbard's **"A Baton for the Conductor"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3) lists his hobby in "Who's Who" as "buffoonery." From the way the good doctor goes about his business though, he may have gotten his categories mixed; his approach to psychiatry is a lot closer to Berle than to Brill. The psychiatrist's candidate for buffoon-therapy is one George Conway, a British civil servant who passes his less lucid moments as an eminent symphony conductor. Dr. Bill's recipe for schizophrenia has the classic simplicity of a prattfall: simply palm the bureaucrat off as the conductor of a famous orchestra at an international music festival, and—presto—cured! Naturally, there are a few irksome details to be worked out, but the jolly alienist is equal to them all.

"The Portuguese Escape" (Macmillan, $3.95), Ann Bridge's latest, is concerned with intrigue, but only remotely. There's some muttering about a cleric escaping from Hungary and being pursued to Lisbon, but Miss Bridge is really much more interested in the shrubbery by the side of the road ("horrible *mesmebryanthemum* . . . brilliant blue flowers of *Lithosperum* . . . clumps of *Narcissus cyclamineus*") than in the chase itself. Actually the pursuit ends rather ignominiously, when the chief of the lubberly Communist agents allows himself to be trapped in a nursery by a quick-witted nanny. For the rest of it, "The Portuguese Escape" is a thoroughly pleasant travelogue in which the author discourses engagingly on the customs of the country. A romance involving a young Hungarian countess adds a bit of garnish, without blocking the scenery.

Captain Kit Quest, the amateur agent in Sarah Gainham's **"Appointment in Vienna"** (Dutton, $3) is a willing schemer, but alas, one without Uncle Fred's savvy. The prospect for intrigue is wildly pleasing: postwar Vienna, in which Miss Gainham has piled on the local color as thick as *Schlagsahne* in Viennese coffee. Kit's quest is for a Nazi arch war criminal, but the best the poor fellow can do is to fall hopelessly in love with a nubile cousin and get himself roughed up by a carful of spies. With the rest of his time, Quest trails wistfully through a muzzy plot in which both he and the patient reader are left badly in the lurch. Especially when (shades of E. Phillips Oppenheim!) a brand new character is unveiled at the denouèment.

P. G. Wodehouse. Sarah Gainham. Ann Bridge. T. L. W. Hubbard.

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Twenty-Twenty

IN ROCHESTER, New York, Whepley & Paul, a firm of opticians, ran an advertisement, which said in part: "You know, Mother, if your child is near-sighted, he needs so much of your special help. It's vitally important that he does what the other kids do. Otherwise, he could easily develop an inferiority complex and turn to books instead of healthy outdoor play . . ."

For the benefit of those mothers who may be terrified by this grim warning, some reassurance may be in order. It isn't necessarily true that only children who have inferiority complexes turn to books. Medical history is liberally sprinkled with the documented cases of children who have read books and yet remained free of serious psychic symptoms. Indeed, they have read books with the full knowledge and consent of their doctors, many of whom have been known to read books themselves without apparent ill effects. Some doctors have asserted that books not only are not harmful; they constitute a form of exercise for the brain, which is something akin to a muscle in terms of its need to be used.

We don't know what "other kids" Messrs. Whepley & Paul may have had in mind, but we assume they are supposed to represent the golden norm. As against this, it is a matter of verifiable record that some children have achieved a remarkable versatility, excelling both in athletics and reading. Even if their ambition is to be sportsmen they need not fear that books will unduly impede their careers. It is said that Mr. G. Tunney was perusing "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by Mr. Shakespeare two hours before he entered the ring where Mr. J. Dempsey, the most ferocious heavyweight hitter in history, was waiting to take a poke at him. Neither his own reading nor Mr. Dempsey's vaunted left hook did much damage to Mr. Tunney, who was still the world's heavyweight champion when the fight ended. And in baseball, it is reported a major league catcher, Mr. M. Berg, read poems by Dante directly from the Italian between innings. In the evening he read Flaubert in the French.

Another noted sportsman whose name was synonymous for many years with outdoor life eventually became President of the United States. One day when he was asked about his interests Theodore Roosevelt replied that he put reading and outdoor sports at the top of his list.

Speaking of Presidents, it is possible that some of the mothers in Rochester who read the Whepley & Paul advertisement may cherish the hope that they may some day visit their sons in the White House. These mothers will doubtless be glad to know that a book hasn't yet kept a man from becoming President.

Thomas Jefferson had perhaps the finest private library of any American of his time; some of his books were in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, and Italian, and he navigated in those languages on his own. Many of Jefferson's colleagues were rather bookish fellows who found their reading most helpful in deciding how best to set up the government of the United States. It is true, of course, that Abraham Lincoln jeopardized his eyesight by insisting on reading late at night by flickering candlelight —a fact that may horrify Messrs. Whepley & Paul. This may not be the ideal way to maintain one's 20-20 standing, but it helped Mr. Lincoln to develop the kind of vision that a nation needed in the moment of its greatest ordeal.

We feel justified in mentioning all this not only because many of these distinguished bookmen were robust fellows but because no mother nee fear that her son is even vaguely unAmerican if he likes to read—indoors or outdoors. Some books may even enable a youngster to have a real awareness of what America really means. These books deal with history, biography, even high adventure. The youngster who makes friends with these books will have the most valuable sight of all—he will be able to see clearly into the past in a way that will enable him to make some fairly complicated decisions about the American future.

Knowing how to put a basketball through a hoop is important, of course; but it is also important in our time to know how to keep nations from putting their neighbors through wringers. The muscles of nations have never been bigger or stronger, but the cause of the individual has never been frailer or more precarious. Indeed, we are fast approaching the point where the continuation of the human species may depend more on accident or sheer good luck than upon any far-seeing, intelligent plan or program in which things happen or don't happen because that is the way we want things to be. Books won't provide such a design all by themselves; but they may furnish a better focussed view of the problem. They might also help to stimulate and nourish the kind of disciplined, sustained thought that may be even more valuable than bulging power in meeting our problems.

But we must not become too solemn. Books are fun. With each year that passes, the choice of books becomes wider—and readers that much richer. Writers have been writing for thousands of years, building up the resources on which an individual can draw—and thus enlarging the individual's choice. Indeed, one of the most meaningful choices open to a free man in the twentieth century is his choice of what to read, what to know, what to think about, what to enjoy. The youngster who learns something about the art of making such a choice has come into possession of one of the highest gifts that is accessible to the human mind.

Messrs. Whepley & Paul may be fine craftsmen in grinding a lens but they need a little refocussing in order to get a clear view of a child and what it is that gives him complexes. Nor need they fear books, which are so intimately concerned with human perception. The best sight is still insight. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FATE WORSE THAN DEATH

APROPOS OF Professor Rowse's most interesting article on Queen Elizabeth and Ivan the Terrible (*SR* June 7), I wonder how many of *SR*'s readers know that the Czar's negotiations for an English wife are humorously reflected in "Love's Labour's Lost," written not many years after the Russian maneuvers took place. In the play, when the Princess and her three ladies will have nothing to do with the King of Navarre and his three young men, the latter decide to continue their wooing disguised as a "mess of Russians." But the ladies are warned ahead of time, and the men, "Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear," are no match for them. Although ordinarily Shakespeare never repeats, he repeats the Russian answer to the ladies' question as to what the strangers wish: "Nothing but peace and gentle visitation." (What a remarkably modern ring this has!) The Princess later refers to the disguised suitors as having been "full of courtship and of state." There is much witty dialogue and some reference to breaking of oaths as the scene progresses. All this must have been highly amusing to an audience that knew quite well how the Queen had saved one of her ladies from a fate worse than death.

NAN COOK CARPENTER.

Missoula, Mont.

NO "CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE"?

SURELY I AM not the only reader who noticed significant omissions in the Russian diet of American literature as reported by Yuri Kovalev (*SR* June 14). What happened to Emerson and Thoreau, particularly the latter who has, perhaps, attracted more attention abroad than any other American writer? Could it be that "On Civil Disobedience" is banned in the Soviet Union?

ROBERT F. CREGO.

Oswego, N. Y.

REPRESSIONS AND OBSESSIONS

IT SEEMS N. C. makes of the four Golden Rule men (*SR* June 21) heroic examples of Individual Man resisting the overwhelmingly blind forces that beset him. I think the men like to think of themselves in such glowing terms. But professional pacifists, such as they are, are not always heroes with glorious ideals. Too often their obsessive interest in religion, preventing war, and championing non-violence, like the interests of anti-vivisectionists in stopping experiments on laboratory animals, is only the working out of their own emotional maladjustments.

STANLEY A. MULAIK.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

BADLY BOTCHED

THE TITLE OF William Leuchtenburg's book in the "review" which appeared in *SR* June 7 is "The Perils of Prosperity: 1914-32," not "The Perils of Prosperity: 1819-1932." To find the title so badly botched was a bit of a shock.

MARION KNOBLAUCH.

University of Chicago Press.

Chicago, Ill.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"If we can get her to live with us we can steal her eggs."

NOT MERELY "PREPARATION"

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, in his "Who Defines the American Way?" (*SR* July 12), states that professional educators give the purpose of schools as "preparation for life." Dr. Krutch is behind the times. The purpose of education these days is "life or living itself"—not merely "preparation for life." There is a difference.

SARAH J. TRESS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

REAL PURPOSES

EVEN IF IT were possible, do we really want our schools to teach specific ideals to our children? Although our society can indeed benefit by some idealism, whom may we trust to establish the ideals?

JOHN A. PIZER.

Anderson, Ind.

VIKINGS IN AMERICA

SR JUNE 14 IS UNUSUALLY harsh on the Vikings. Hollis Alpert's discouragement with their living habits (*SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES) is followed by Isabel Barclay's review of Paul Hermann's "The Great Age of Discovery." Miss Barclay says, "There is not a trace of generally accepted archeological evidence that the Vikings . . . even came to the Massachusetts shore . . . On the North American continent there has never been found any real proof of their discovery. The evidence is contained in European sources and is inferential." To the contrary, at least nine runic inscriptions, several of them dated, have been found along the North American seaboard. There is general agreement on the translation of several inscriptions, and their genuineness is supported by comparable tenth-twelfth century inscriptions found in Scandinavia and England. Four of the American inscriptions were discovered early in the nineteenth century, and in light of recent advances in runic knowledge they could not have been produced by nineteenth-century hoaxers.

Two of the inscriptions come from Massachusetts. There is a set of apparently Norse tallymarks on Dighton Rock, a large boulder on tidewater that also contains numerous Indian carvings. There is also a one-word inscription fragment from a rock found on the shore on a lake near Upton, Massachusetts.

More convincing are inscriptions from Monhegan and Manana Islands off the coast of Maine. The Manana stone reads, "Aunir Hewed Runes," followed by a date-mark equivalent to about 1041 AD. The Monhegan inscription translates "Asur's Property—Thor—Aunr Owns Property on the Estuary," with a date-mark that is probably 1058. A controversial inscription on No Man's Island near Martha's Vineyard bears the later date 1175. The assumptions underlying the transcription of dates unfortunately makes them more open to question than the translations of the verbal inscriptions.

TED GURR.

Rocky Hill, N. J.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Links in a Human Chain

MY ENTHUSIASM for Stanley Kramer's **"The Defiant Ones"** (United Artists) makes it difficult for me to abide by the reviewer's rules. Since movie companies generally show their new films to the press weeks or even months in advance of release, it is the practice of the press to withhold comment until close to the time of actual presentation. But I want people to know about this one, to talk about it, to look forward to seeing it at the earliest possible moment. For, at a time when most producers are turning out pictures that firmly shun the realities of the contemporary scene, either star-laden block-busters or rock-'n'-roll horror films, Mr. Kramer has boldly and eloquently dramatized what is unquestionably the touchiest problem of our day, the strained relations between Negro and white. "The Defiant Ones" is a film that he, the motion picture industry, and every American citizen can be proud of.

What makes this picture so remarkable is its total lack of preaching or polemicizing. It proceeds from the conviction that brotherhood and the mutual respect of man for man is a desirable goal, regardless of race or color; and it underlines this theme through incident after incident that flows naturally, convincingly, and excitingly from the film's central situation and from the character of the two protagonists. The men are convicts fleeing a chain gang in the deep South. One (Tony Curtis) is white, the other (Sidney Poitier) a Negro; both are filled with suspicion, distrust, even downright hatred of the other as a representative of another race. But fate has shackled them together, and since the chains that bind their wrists cannot be broken their only hope for freedom lies in working together. From their enforced propinquity, from fording rivers, climbing ditches, and facing a lynch mob side by side, comes the growing understanding of each man's worth as a man. In the end, when each has the opportunity to make good his escape at the expense of the other, the feeling of comradeship proves stronger than the urge for freedom.

But the script, tautly fashioned by Nathan E. Douglas and Harold Jacob Smith, does not present these men as abstractions, personified virtues in a modern morality play. Their motives —even the twisted pride and bitter resentments that brought them to the chain gang—are laid bare in searing, poignant sentences, the gasped confidences of men on the run. The white boy is a semi-literate car-hop who resented the "thank you's" he had to give in return for tips, whose frustrated dreams of glory led to petty larceny and prison. His one boast is the color of his skin. And the Negro is a tenant farmer too proud to bear the insults and injustices meted out to his race: When a sheriff tried to drive him off his land, he bashed his head in. Obviously, these are not heroes in any ordinary sense of the word. But for the audience watching their agonizing flight through swamp and quagmire, the iron shackles biting into their skin at every step, the very fact of their suffering not only lends them a dignity but emphasizes their essential humanity. It is from this quality, this humanity, that the film gains its strength and effect, its power to generalize about Negro and white beyond the two hapless fugitives seen on the screen.

Nor is this breadth confined to the delineation of the protagonists alone. A search party, headed by the local sheriff and a Captain of the State Police, pursues the men with dogs, two-way radios, and guns. And once again the script, skilfully avoiding the obvious, manages to insert ideas that are both provocative and profound. The sheriff (Theodore Bikel) had been a lawyer; his basic concern for law, justice—and humanity—prevents the chase from degenerating into a bloody manhunt. Against him is pitted the grim-jawed police officer (Charles McGraw) who wants results and cares little whether the fugitives are taken dead or alive. "It's just like huntin' rabbit," says a member of his posse early in the chase. But the sheriff knows, and insists upon, the difference between hunting animals and men.

Similarly, when later in the film Curtis and Poitier are captured after a scuffle in a turpentine camp, the crowd is bent on a lynching until a powerful ex-convict (Lon Chaney, Jr.) springs to their defense. And in that moment the incident is transformed from simple melodrama into a blinding revelation of the commingled sadism, cowardice, and blind prejudice which inspires a lynch mob. Again, there is a tiny scene, superbly realized, in which the two men, still locked together, stumble into the lonely cabin of a white woman. She prepares food for Curtis and places it before him. "Him too," says Curtis, gesturing at Poitier. It is the first indication that Curtis has come to think of his companion as a man. Suddenly the woman becomes the outsider in this relationship—and not because of her sex but because of the color of her skin.

NO SMALL part of the effectiveness of "The Defiant Ones" is due to the strong performances that Stanley Kramer, as director, has drawn from every member of his cast. Sidney Poitier invests his sympathetic role with dignity, power, and overwhelming conviction, a performance that justly earned for him the top prize at the Berlin Film Festival a few weeks back. Theodore Bikel makes the

Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier—"comradeship proves stronger than freedom."

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sheriff a plodding, dog-tired, drily humorous man driven by his sense of fair play and an ill-concealed contempt for his fellow law-enforcers. Cara Williams, the lone woman in the picture, is perhaps a bit handsomer than one might find in the backwoods, but she projects the yearnings and frustrations of a drab life with tenderness, understanding, and passion. The real revelation, however, is Tony Curtis. Once the bobby-soxers' delight, he seems in the past few years to have begun thinking seriously about the business of acting. Now, with a trace of putty on his nose transforming his face, he displays a hardness and toughness quite new to him. No longer the pretty boy, he has also set aside the mannerisms, the hair-do, and the flickering smile that had hitherto endeared him to his fans, creating instead a firm, sharp characterization of a man embittered but not broken by the chain gang. The spiritual growth of this character, his gradual shedding of false pride and unreasoned resentments, provides the greatest single acting challenge in the film —and Curtis more than meets it.

Mr. Kramer's directorial achievements, however, extend far beyond the performances he has elicited from his cast. In New York recently he spoke of the producer—or, at least, the independent producer—as "the man with the dream," and added that he had turned to directing in order to realize his own "dreams" to the fullest. Certainly, in the case of a film like "The Defiant Ones" it is difficult to see how anyone who had selected and helped develop the story, assembled his cast and crew, and gambled his reputation on the ultimate commercial success of an obviously risky venture—it is difficult to see how such a man could fail to keep in his own hands the directorial reins, the ultimate link between the concept and the consumer. Mr. Kramer has done so with a distinction that places him on a level with Hollywood's best. His camera movements and positions have been knowingly chosen for their expressive value, his sense of tempo and dramatic emphasis is sensitive and sure. His handling of the final moments of his film, with the Negro crooning a Handy blues over the wounded white man cradled in his arms, has all the impact and catharsis of the last scene of a Greek tragedy. It is a fitting climax to a distinguished motion picture.

"The Defiant Ones" opens in Chicago around the middle of August; other engagements will follow in September and October. My suggestion is to catch it as soon as you can, then tell your friends.

—Arthur Knight.

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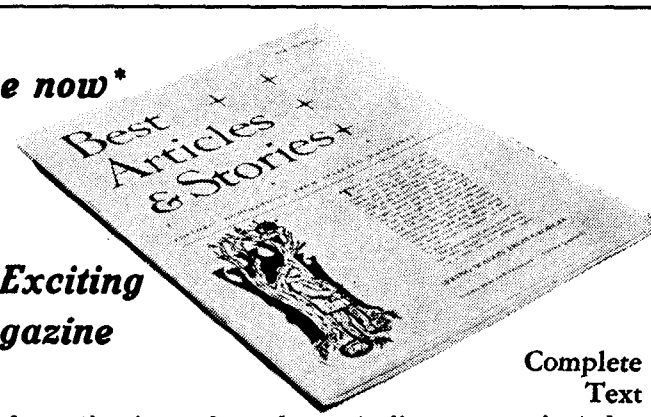

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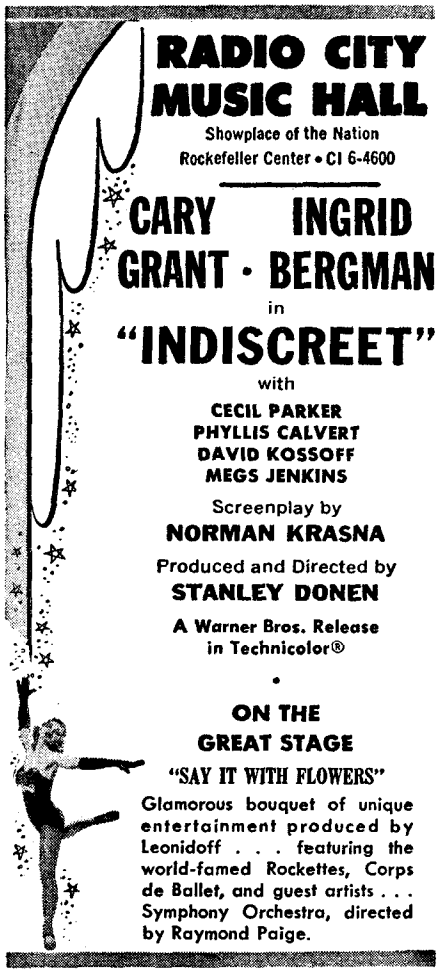

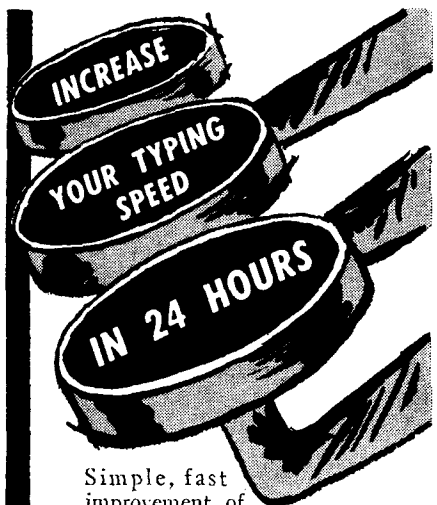

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McGRAW-HILL

MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Punch at Prejudice

VIENNA.

DURING the recording of a new "Figaro" at the local Sophiensaele, Erich Leinsdorf, the Vienna-born American conductor, suggested to me that somebody ought to write a book about prejudices, particularly about prejudices in music. Just in case anybody gets an idea I am reserving the subject, which is more timely now than ever. One of the most difficult things in this business is to keep consciously away from prejudice. In the steadily growing international field of music performing, prejudice has become a serious block to understanding in an art which was always said to be the most widely understood, most universal of all.

In Vienna, where the population is prejudiced collectively and individually, convinced of the superiority of the city's musical institutions, an interesting experiment was recently made which ought to be imitated elsewhere to combat the virus. During the annual Festwochen ("Festival Weeks") the musical masterminds decided to try something new—something the many other musical festivals in Europe don't have. They came up with a beautiful idea, the first European Choral Festival.

The occasion was the centenaries of the two great Viennese singing societies, the Singverein of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, and the Singakademie of the Wiener Konzerthausgesellschaft, both founded in 1858, great institutions which have added to the glory of Vienna, the "musical capital of the world." Of the two the Musikverein has the greater past. Brahms was one of its early musical directors (Karajan is the latest) and Bruckner, Richard Strauss, and Mahler have been at home in its gilded hall, which has the intimacy of a large private music room and the finest acoustics I know. ("It is here too that the world-famous Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra give their concerts, the quality of which matches the nobility of the setting," the official program says, with the customary touch of local prejudice.) The Konzerthaus has no exalted past but a very interesting present, dedicated to the pioneering of modern music. ("It has arranged grand international festivals with the object of bringing Vienna back into contact with contemporary trends and experiments in music.")

And so this June some of the world's great choral societies came to Vienna, performing fine art and perhaps making at least some of the listeners realize that choral music is beautifully performed even outside the Vienna city gates. First came the Huddersfield Choir, a group of patriarchs and dignified ladies who sang Handel's "Messiah" and Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast" under Sir Malcolm Sargent. The Netherlands Chamber Choir under Felix de Nobel performed difficult *a cappella* choral works by Nonpapa, Brumel, Gascogne, Ravel, and others. The well-disciplined Prague Philharmonic Choir and the Prague Philharmonic Orchestra performed Janáček's "Missa Glagolskaja" and Dvořák's "Stabat Mater" under Karel Ancerl. A beautiful collectors' item was the evening when the Coro dei Cantori Romani di Musica Sacra, under Monsignore Domenico Bartolucci, sang works of Palestrina (who was an earlier musical director of the Sistine Chapel which Monsignore Bartolucci directs today). The united radio chorus groups of Hamburg and Cologne were heard in haunting performances of Honegger's "King David" and "Totentanz" (under Wolfgang Sawallisch) and of Pfitzner's "Von deutscher Seele" (under Joseph Keilberth). The Budapest Choir, assisted by the Budapest State Concert Orchestra under Nikolaus Forrai, sang works by Kodály. Only the performance of the Leningrad Choir "Glinka" was cancelled, "owing to schedule difficulties."

ALMOST all these groups proved the high standards of choral singing in other parts of the world, though there are local champions who claim that the two Viennese groups are the best of all. They point to the performances of the Singverein in Haydn's "Nelson Mass" (under its permanent director, Dr. Reinhold Schmid), Bruckner's F-Minor Mass (under Wolfgang Sawallisch), Brahms's "Deutsches Requiem" (under Otto Klemperer), and Bach's B-Minor Mass (under Herbert von Karajan); while the rival Singakademie distinguished itself in Egk's "Irische Legende" (under the composer, with the hard-working, well-sounding Philharmonia Hungarica) and with the Singverein in a powerful presentation of Mahler's Eighth Symphony, under Hans Swarowsky. The Choral Festival

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was an artistic success for Vienna, a personal one for Rudolf Gamsjäger, the Musikverein's general secretary, and an important step on the road toward better musical understanding.

For those who were still in the mood for more singing, there were concerts by 1,000 schoolchildren, by the Vienna Singing Boys, by Akademie Kammerchor, by the Schubertbund; there were recitals, serenades, chamber-music performances, popular programs, masses. Of American instrumentalists, Szigeti and Milstein performed successfully and the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy convinced many listeners (and even some local critics) that there is now more than brilliance and technique to the best American orchestras. (One critic, after lavish praise of the orchestra, added that naturally there were "intangibles," leaving the intangibles in the air and his readers with some prejudice of superiority. But if the best American orchestras will come more often, with better programs, such attacks of the virus *prejudicialis localis* may cease. Much depends on the programs. You don't make American music propaganda with such works as Roy Harris's Third Symphony, which caused no widespread admiration in Vienna.)

The Staatsoper, that hotbed of many prejudices, performed a Week of Contemporary Music, giving some people the idea that modern opera is at home in Vienna. Actually, some works were dusted off the shelves for one or two performances. Everything after Richard Strauss is a little suspect to the old subscribers in Vienna, and admittedly there is little worth hearing. Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler," Orff's "Trionfi," Martin's "Der Sturm," Egk's "Der Revisor" are intermittently interesting, but never deeply moving. A new scenic production of Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," under Karajan and Schuh, with Jean Cocteau as speaker, had strong moments and dramatic power. But the best work of the week was Berg's "Wozzeck" which, as an old subscriber said, "is so beautiful it doesn't sound modern any more," a just appreciation and scathing indictment of modern operas, most of which are dull and contrived.

—Joseph Wechsburg.

PERSONAL HISTORY

Noblest Maverick of Them All

"Baa, Baa Black Sheep," by "Pappy" Boyington *(Putnam. 384 pp. $3.95), is the famed Marine Corps squadron commander's account of his experiences both in the air and in a Japanese prison camp. It is reviewed by Robert L. Scott, Brigadier-General, USAF (Ret.) who is the author of "God Is My Co-Pilot."*

By Robert L. Scott

GREGORY "PAPPY" BOYINGTON says over and over that he's a drunk. Then he closes his book with the most startling statement of all: "Just name me a hero and I'll prove he's a bum!" Well, in my book of life, Pappy may be slightly "squiffed" most of the time, but he ends up as what the fates call a hero nevertheless. For it takes quite a guy to be honest with himself and his audience—and in this story he's honest throughout.

So honest that any reader must surely discover the bare soul of the man. He can't help but see, too, the other side of this human coin. That one which reads unequivocally: "Major, United States Marine Corps —Fighter Pilot!" For that's what made this guy tick and upon that side is the meat of a story that far overshadows mixed-up, immature Pappy Boyington.

Greg Boyington left off being a Marine Corps flying instructor to volunteer as one of Chennault's Flying Tigers. But he had to do this, he admits in all sincerity, because of whisky and gambling debts and messed-up domestic problems. And, surprisingly, good fighter pilot that he was, he wasn't much of a success in the Tigers. For he refused to grow up even there. He couldn't stand his boss Chennault and Chennault couldn't stand him. So once again he had to run away.

Pappy had drunk his way through college and flying school and just about out of the Marine Corps. Now he'd done it out there among the Flying Tigers, most of whom were pretty darn good guzzlers themselves. There was a soul in this man, though—pickled in alcohol as it was. It just never did come to the surface until he returned to his first and only love—the U.S. Marine Corps.

But back there, leading his squadron of what some of the flying Marine brass must have considered misfits, his true character still barely evident, he proved to be a good leader and just as good a fighter pilot; and he did a creditable job in the crucible of aerial combat. But he didn't mature. Pappy shot down more enemy planes than any American had before him—was shot down himself and almost "posthumously" awarded his country's highest honor; still his greatest victory was a long way off. He won that as a prisoner of the Japanese. Won it where so many strong and sober men had failed. He grew up there in the torture chamber of life.

There were good men who never got the breaks, and of course there were hard-luck men and even incorrigible ones. These were the mavericks in uniform whom nobody wanted, and Pappy was about the most glaring of them all. That's how he came to gravitate to the fold of these military black sheep. The oldest and perhaps the blackest, he led his outcasts to glory as their squadron commander, and was finally shot down from among them.

PAPPY'S book tells all of this—straightforwardly and with no tongue in cheek. Most of all his story is a eulogy of his Black Sheep Squadron. Not of himself. He deprecates his own leadership for he keeps reminding you constantly that he's a drunken bum. In the midst of it all you may recall a Civil War anecdote concerning Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant. Grant, an informer gossiped to Lincoln, won battles but smelled of whisky all the time. President Lincoln, who'd had sharp knives often in his own back, said, "Maybe I'd better find out what brand he drinks and recommend it to some of my other generals!"

Perhaps you'll feel the same way about Pappy and his booze. Surely you'll understand a special brand of guts he showed in winning a fight within himself. Not in leading his black sheep or in shooting down the most Japs, or in winning the Congressional Medal—but in fighting the bravest battle of all with his hands tied behind his back while enemy sadists beat him with sticks. Pappy was a good Marine and that is accolade enough for any man.

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Lures of Canvas

"Sail Ho!," by Sir James Bisset with P. R. Stephensen *(Criterion. 288 pp. $5), is an account of a sailor's apprentice by the former commodore of the Cunard Line. It is reviewed by Nicholas Monsarrat, the author of "The Cruel Sea" and other books.*

By Nicholas Monsarrat

THIS book, subtitled "My Early Years at Sea," is a good deal less exciting than one has a right to expect. Sir James Bisset, who retired recently as commodore of the Cunard Line, and who was a wartime captain of both the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth,* served his apprenticeship in sail at the turn of the century. The present volume (we are promised another one dealing with his later career in steamships) covers his first six years at sea.

It took him four times round the world, with a minimum of incident, and four times past that prime global hazard, Cape Horn. He got mildly drunk once, was nearly drowned once (cramp while swimming), was hit on the knee by a marlin-spike, and became inordinately hungry on a "starvation ship" which ran out of provisions in mid-Atlantic. And that, alas, is about all that happened to Sir James Bisset as a young salt.

Luckily, his book is worth reading for other reasons. In the nature of things, there won't be many more books by deep-water sailormen describing life in square-rigged sailing ships; the job, like the breed, is vanishing.

It was the Port of Liverpool, then one of the world's great harbors, which inspired young James Bisset to overcome family opposition and go to sea as a fifteen-year-old apprentice, at the equivalent of $15 a year, in 1889. But at Liverpool he had already seen the "great iron ship," the *Great Eastern*; and though she was on her way to the ship-breakers, after an endless series of mishaps and mismanagements, she was the guarantee that the iron age had arrived. The *Campania,* indeed, had already won the "blue riband" of the Atlantic for her five-and-one-half-day crossing in 1893—a crossing, incidentally only bettered by a bare day in all the succeeding sixty years.

Thus, when James Bisset made his first voyage, eastwards round the Cape of Good Hope, on to Australia, and thence round the Horn and home to England, sailing ships as ocean carriers were already doomed.

They could not go fast enough to compete with the new-fangled "steamers"; 250 miles a day was an exceptionally good run, and the "short cuts," such as the Suez Canal, were too expensive in towing charges and other dues for sailing ships to benefit from them. Suitable cargos were proving hard to come by; a sailing ship might lay over as long as four months in harbor, waiting for her lading, and such delays were ruinous. The sailormen themselves were deserting these old-time beauties (Bisset made the same sensible decision as soon as he was in line for a first mate's ticket); the ships were becoming old, cranky, and outmoded, and life, on a daily ration of twelve ounces of salt beef and a few weevily ship's biscuits—all of which might have been slowly rotting on board for the past year or more—was uncomfortable and uncertain.

Apart from the obvious dangers, such as falling off the yard into a pitch-dark, freezing sea, there were other hazards. One of Bisset's captains, prescribing from his Medical Guide, found that he had run out of Medicine No. 15, a specific for dysentery. His solution to the problem was to mix Nos. 10 and 5, in equal proportions. The patient recovered so promptly that there must have been something in it.

Pick of the Paperbacks

TIME MUST HAVE A STOP. *By Aldous Huxley. Berkley.* 50¢. The education of a young poet, namely the cherubic Sebastian, is undertaken by an oddly assorted threesome: the concupiscent Mrs. Thwale, the hedonist Uncle Eustace, and a godly bookseller named Rontini.

RELIGIOUS ART. *By Emile Male. Noonday.* $1.65. Selections from the various writings of the French art historian, compacted into one book, tell the story of religious painting and sculpture from the twelfth through the eighteenth century. As a guidebook to styles and trends in art, it is cogent, readable, and amply illustrated.

MURPHY. *By Samuel Beckett. Evergreen.* $1.95. Everyone tries to make a man of Murphy but, like most of Beckett's demi-heroes, Murphy desists. The 1938 novel is a witty predecessor of "Molloy" and "Godot."

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No War Tomorrow

***"1970 Without Arms Control," by National Planning Association** (72 pp. $1.25), reviews the technology of modern armaments and suggests for the future a permanent scientific staff to supervise the control of weapons. SR's reviewer is Arnold Kramish, a nuclear physicist, now on a leave from the Rand Corp. as a research fellow of the Council of Foreign Relations.*

By Arnold Kramish

IN 1955 a select group of qualified individuals was assembled by Harold Stassen, then the White House Disarmament Advisor. Whatever conclusions this group may have reached on problems of arms control are not publicly available. Toward the attainment of an "informed public understanding," the National Planning Association subsequently established the equally select Committee on Security Through Arms Control. The Committee pretends to no total solutions, but does suggest practical problems which should be explored. Its first report, "1970 Without Arms Control," is now available and constitutes essential reading for those who would wish to be informed.

As a well-written compilation of the status and trends of modern weapons technology, the committee's report is unique. Particularly useful are the comprehensive appendices which describes U.S. and USSR aircraft and missiles. Almost entirely descriptive, the report makes but a single recommendation. The action it suggests is so obvious and so essential that one is surprised that it should not have been taken long ago. The N.P.A. Committee urges the establishment of a permanent governmental body composed of a high-level scientific staff with full-time responsibility for arms control. At the present time scientific assistance to disarmament planners is rendered, as the need arises, by individuals temporarily detached from other tasks. Clearly recognizing that more comprehensive and continuous efforts are required, the committee expresses the hope that the "stark facts" will receive wide attention and thus stimulate thought and action.

In describing a "1970 without arms control" the authors assume that a policy of deterrence may work sufficiently well to allow nations to reach the year 1970 at the high level of arms technology they envisage. If such an assumption turns out to be correct, planners of 1970 will look back on twenty-five years without a major war, and might thus be tempted to conclude that armament competition is a reliable means for maintaining peace.

The National Planning Association's report warns, however, that we cannot count on the stabilizing effect of arms competition, since future weapons developments may easily upset such stability, all the more so as our political astuteness and sophistication are likely to continue lagging behind scientific accomplishments. The answer, therefore, is a system of arms-control agreements. But such agreements must be constantly elaborated and modified to keep pace with scientific developments, for, as a result of changes in weapons technology, "arms controls feasible today will become very uncertain tomorrow. The world is fast becoming locked into a situation from which it will become increasingly difficult to extricate itself."

THIS prospect poses the question in the reviewer's mind of whether it would not be useful to try to analyze the trend toward political enlightenment in an attempt to predict what will be the effect, by 1970, of the new technology on man's understanding of man. The committee must also face the dilemma that if we were to try to eliminate the nuclear and other technological threats from this planet by a system of controls, those controls would have to be extremely rigid. The personal freedom of all peoples would be so severely restricted thereby that men might choose instead to accept a certain measure of uncertainty regarding nuclear annihilation.

The committee has set itself the formidable task of addressing forthcoming reports to specific avenues of approach, such as what to do about nuclear weapons development and testing. It will be difficult to present the various facets of the controversial problems, but in this respect "1970 Without Arms Control" could well serve as a model for lucid presentation and objectivity.

Death in the Back Yard

By John Holmes

SOMETIME past twelve as I locked up,
I saw a light in a neighbor's shed
Where he kept his car. Thinking he might
For reasons of his own be dead,

Or somewhat to his own surprise,
His house being dark, I went next door
To Neighbor Three and we looked in.
But nothing lay headlong on the floor.

He forgot to turn the carlights off
But not to lock them in. Next day,
Jack Three went over to tell him so.
"Your neighbor Holmes," he tried to say

Louder than deafness, "came last night—"
"He did! I never knew him well.
He was a fine man. That's too bad."
Back came my friend to me to tell

How I was thought of, having died
Even so briefly to those old ears.
But I, when he was dead, had seen
Myself among the bad-news pioneers

First at his doorbell, sad but strong,
Telling his wife. Bless the old fool,
He beat me that one. He still grubs
In his garden with some old tool.

I watch him stoop more as he works.
"May I step in? I'm sorry, but I'm afraid
Something has happened to your—"
The neighborly play I never played.

I do not talk to him, but never did,
Or I'd tell him, but he couldn't hear,
That I'm not dead. Louder. Not dead.
I wouldn't know it for a year.

If he should die as he will asleep.
One capped and sweatered old man less
In one of the back yards back of mine
I may not be told, but I might guess,

Then only by the profuse fall flowers
That will not be there, marigold
And aster, smelling like bone or leaf
Long after the weather has turned cold.

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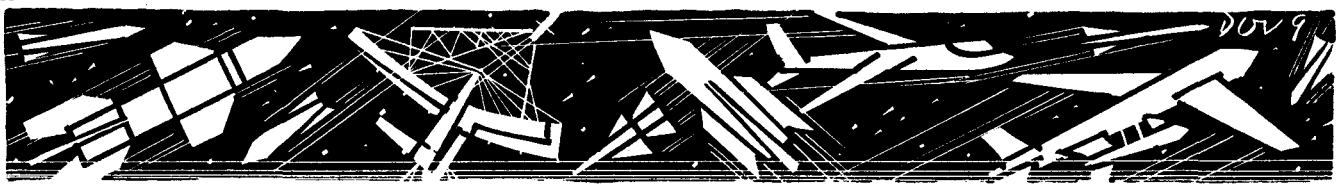


Floating Force

***"Victory Without War," by George Fielding Eliot** (U. S. Naval Institute. 126 pp. $2), is a Navy Air Force major's account of the need for sea-based military power. Walter Millis, who evaluates the book, is a well-known authority on military affairs.*

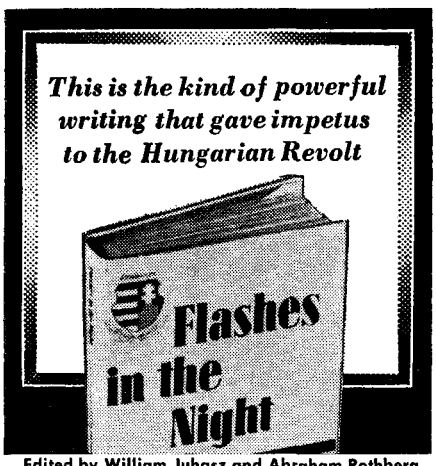
By Walter Millis

THIS is the Navy's case (strictly unofficial, of course) for taking over a major segment of the nuclear deterrent from the Air Force, which has long jealously monopolized it. "We must," Major Eliot exclaims, "make the decision *now* that sea-based power is our chosen deterrent force. . . . We cannot afford to . . . *waste time* in producing weapons which are unsuited to our needs"—these by inference being the Air Force's B-52s and fixed base, liquid-propelled ballistic missiles. It is a case which will naturally enrage the Air Force.

In Major Eliot's sprightly presentation the case seems to me overpopularized, overdramatized, and overstated. Yet there is something in it. With the development of the nuclear-armed aircraft carrier and the coming development of a solid-fuel IRBM (Polaris, usable from surface ships and submarines and with a range capable of reaching nearly all important Soviet targets from positions on the high seas), a sea-based nuclear deterrent force presents great possibilities. Its mobility renders it comparatively invulnerable (as fixed bomber-fields and liquid-fuel rocket bases are not) to surprise destruction by existing missile systems; it can launch its own attacks from unknown directions; in so far as it serves as a magnet for reprisals, these will be drawn to the wastes of the seas rather than to our own or our allies' populated areas. There are minus factors as well (which the Air Force will not hesitate to point out to Major Eliot), but it seems grotesque not to work these important plus factors into a coherent, total strategy of deterrence.

Yet this is unlikely to happen. The Air Force will fight fiercely against any poaching on its preserves or its appropriations; the Navy will make its argument crippled by the assumption that this is just jealous "service rivalry"; and the President, so far from insisting upon the development of a true strategy to support the policy of deterrence, will presumably confine himself (as in the current rather meaningless "battle" over defense reorganization) to telling everybody to keep calm and do whatever "the team" tells them to do. This won't help at all.

I am less impressed by Major Eliot's argument that the Navy should have a much greater share in deterrence (I think it should have) than I am by his unintentional demonstration of the barrenness in the whole deterrent concept, and the strategic void which still seems to underlie it. His very title is a contradiction in terms; you can have "peace" without war, but you cannot have "victory," and until we know whether we are trying to make peace or to secure a victory, we cannot have a strategy worthy of the name. The grim calculus of deterrence which he is forced to apply has departed entirely from the reality of international relations; it no longer corresponds with the motivations which lead men (Americans or Russians) to do what they do do. We have departed on the wings of our own and the Russians' great bombs and satellites into a world of phantasmagoria. So long as deterrence is our policy, I agree that we should bring the capabilities of sea power into the equation. But I cannot agree that Major Eliot has told us what we could or should do about the deployment of our national power as a whole on a world stage for which purely military calculations no longer suffice—or are, indeed, of much relevance.



Edited by William Juhasz and Abraham Rothberg
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Strength in Balance

***"The Great Arms Race," by Hanson Baldwin** (Praeger. 116 pp. $2.95), considers the relative strengths and weaknesses of Soviet and American armed might. Reviewer Frank Altschul is vice president and secretary of the Council on Foreign Relations.*

By Frank Altschul

AS HANSON BALDWIN points out in a brief introductory note to "The Great Arms Race," the relevant facts "should be studied against the political, economic, psychological and technological background of our times." But it is not the author's purpose to undertake any such ambitious project in this slender volume, which is essentially a slightly modified version of articles published in *The New York Times* or in its Sunday magazine early this year.

Mr. Baldwin sets himself the more limited task of attempting to answer the question: "Where do we stand today vis-à-vis Soviet Russia?" As an acknowledged expert in a highly technical field, he has the knack of assembling and translating into terms that even the layman can understand a wealth of material bearing upon the relative position of the military establishments of the United States and the Soviet Union.

No one will come away from reading this book with an enhanced sense of complacency. While Mr. Baldwin reaches the conclusion that "the Russians are ahead of us in some areas; we are ahead of them in others," the net impression created is that in a period of dynamic weaponry development we have been gradually losing ground. We are confronted with "a problem of balance, as well as a problem of speed-up." Clearly, in Mr. Baldwin's view we are not displaying the requisite dedication in the search for solutions. Many informed individuals would agree that "the 1959 budget does not appear to be a very imaginative or dramatic answer to the Soviet" challenge.

It may well be, as the author suggests, that in the immediate future "general war" is "unlikely." Possibly there is little danger of a surprise attack as long as we maintain the

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deterrent capability of an alert and ever more widely dispersed Strategic Air Command. For under prevailing conditions it would require "a split-second miracle of timing" to produce its destructive power to limits which an aggressor might accept.

But even if these assumptions are valid today, we cannot depend upon them over the indefinite future. The age of operational intercontinental ballistic missiles is approaching too rapidly for comfort. Coincidentally, the air defenses of the Soviet Union are being progressively improved. It it worth noting that "a recent operations analysis report predicted that, within the immediately foreseeable future, Soviet defenses would become so strong that, if United States B-47s and B-52s were to strike at Moscow, the first 100 of these planes would be shot down." And, parenthetically, one cannot but wonder what might happen to the next 100 planes as well.

A recurrent theme throughout the book is the undue influence which fiscal considerations so often exert on decisions affecting our national security. Not even the shock of the first sputnik has led the Administration to request appropriations in amounts which a realistic appraisal of the variety of dangers to which we are exposed might suggest. For example: "our capability for fighting . . . the small, limited conflicts," which, if we retain our "present capability of massive nuclear retaliation . . . the kind most likely to occur . . . has steadily declined." We have at most "only one or two divisions . . . available quickly for a global emergency." It is doubtful that even these are equipped with the most modern arms. But what is at least as significant is that, should the necessity arise, "the Army . . . could count . . . upon only enough planes to transport less than half a division simultaneously across the ocean."

Mr. Baldwin deals at some length with the elements of strength as well as the elements of weakness in the organization of the Department of Defense, and, specifically, of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In this respect, his commentary is of great timeliness because of the current debate about the Defense Department Reorganization bill. Reflecting upon all he has to say in this disturbing treatise, one is led to share his conviction voiced in an early chapter that it is high time for us to "run scared."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 2, 25, 21, 20, 3, 19, 4, 5, 18, 1, 17, 24, 23, 11, 9, 8, 22, 16, 15, 7, 12, 13, 6, 10, 14.

Books for Young People

FOR several years the TV networks have produced shows based on fairy tales. Some have been straight drama, some musicals, occasionally a ballet, but with few exceptions they have been miserable failures. Part of the failure may be charged to the production, but part is inherent in fairy tales themselves.

Fairy tales are light, delicate, brief things that cannot be expanded successfully into hour-long programs with pauses in the narration for songs and dances, and breaks every fifteen minutes for commercials and station announcements. Furthermore, fairy tales have an imaginative quality that encourages each child to create for himself the characters and settings as they appear to him. When seen on TV little is left to the imagination, and so the child is cheated of this creative experience.

Though most fairy tales have reached us from a variety of sources, there are standard, accepted versions that children read and hear in story hours. In the case of the literary fairy tales, such as Hans Christian Andersen's, there is only one version—that of the author. Yet the stories that appear on TV are so mutilated, so twisted, so adapted (frequently with an adult subplot interpolated) that—other than their titles—they bear little resemblance to the originals. It is regrettable that TV program planners insist on using the great literature of childhood in this way.

Reviewers for this issue: Augusta Baker, storytelling specialist, The New York Public Library; Ruth Hewitt Hamilton, lecturer, School of Library Science, Pratt Institute; Sarah Jones, chief library consultant, Georgia State Department of Education; Margaret Mahon, children's librarian, Greenville, S.C., Public Library, and Mildred Phipps, supervisor, Work with Children, Pasadena, Calif., Public Library.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN,
Coordinator, Children's Services,
The New York Public Library.

THE UPSIDE-DOWN BOY. *Written and illustrated by Dorothy Ivens. Viking.* $2.25. John not only found an imaginary playmate, but a most unusual one. The Upside-Down Boy could pull him high into the trees, fill his berry basket, and, best of all, help him to catch the big fish. John had a picture of himself and his fish to carry home when vacation ended, but only he could see the Upside-Down Boy grinning in the upper corner, promising more excitement for the next summer. This slight but entertaining story will appeal to the more imaginative child. The line drawings by the author are in harmony with the humor of the text. —SARAH JONES.

THE GOOD LUCK FEATHER. *By Florence Hayes. Illustrated by Harve Stein. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.75. Cheedah, a young Navaho shepherd boy, emerges as an appealing, credible personality as he gets the long-dreamed-of opportunity to attend a month's session of the white man's school. The daily details of school life are told with humor and with warm, human understanding. In the impact and novelty of these new experiences the artistic and sensitive cultural background of the Navaho is thrown into impressive relief for fourth- to sixth-grade children. As in this author's earlier "Chee and His Pony," this story carries a sense of immediacy.

—RUTH HEWITT HAMILTON.

HECTOR GOES FISHING. *By Priscilla Hallowell. Illustrated by Don Freeman. Viking.* $2. Hector was going fishing, and decided to use bread for bait. When his mother said, "You'll catch more fish with worms," Hector answered: "Maybe, but the bread's not doing anything." Then he warned the fish not to eat the bread because it had a hook in it. The fish was surprised and said, "You're upsetting all my plans." In similar fashion Hector surprised and upset the plans of a duck and a muskrat. These things let to a uniquely adventurous day for Hector.

A delightful tall tale, with black

—From "Hector Goes Fishing."

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line drawings which harmonize with the humor and brevity of the text.
—Margaret Mahon.

NKWALA. *By Edith Lambert Sharp. Illustrated by William Winter. Little, Brown.* $3. Laid in the far Northwest and at a time before the invasion of the white man, this is the story of an Indian boy, Nkwala, and his search for his guardian spirit, his song, and his name as a man. It is also the story of his tribe, the Spokans, on the long trek from their drought-stricken homeland to a new and more fertile location. The ancient laws and customs that controlled the tribe reflected high standards of personal and group behavior, and formed a code of ethics for the growing boy. The tribe is shown as a peace-loving people, ready to fight if attacked, but preferring to live in harmony with their neighbors. The climax of the story comes when Nkwala is able to preserve the peace through a daring and courageous act which also marks his transition from boyhood to manhood. —F. L. S.

HORSE SHOW HURDLES. *By Joan Houston. Illustrated by Paul Brown. Crowell.* $3. A Vermont summer, two competing riding stables, and teen-age sisters vacationing from New York combine to make a lively and credible story. The adults as well as the young people emerge as individuals and play their part in the development of a plot of sound values. The flavor of Vermont and its people is appealing, and there is enough riding, both expert and amateur, to satisfy the most avid horse fan among younger teen-age girls. —R. H. H.

BIG RIDE. *By Dorothy Ward Erskine. Illustrated by Hubert Buel. Crowell.* $3. In 1775 young Pedro Peralta, with his family, joined the 240 members of an expedition led by the brave and kind Don Juan Bautista de Anza, and traveled by horseback from Mexico to California to settle the newly discovered port of San Francisco. Hardships and perils (which they met with great fortitude), as well as everyday personal incidents, are related with a simple honesty that is enlivened with dialogue and the dramatic quality of the events themselves. Here is a great historic epic which both author and illustrator portray with careful exactness and vividness. The reader feels that the source material found in the thirteen diaries left by members of the expedition was freely and rewardingly drawn on. —M. M.

BIG CAESAR. *By Charlton Ogburn, Jr. Illustrated by Joseph Krush. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.75. The author of "The Bridge" and "The White Falcon" has written another compelling story about adolescence. The rehabilitation of Big Caesar, an antiquated truck, gives Ronnie the sense of power which is essential for a teen-age boy when he is experiencing the throes of first love, social adjustment, and vocational indecisions. Mr. Ogburn has the ability to discern the innermost thoughts of the adolescent, and his understanding is remarkable—as one who has lived with an adolescent boy can attest. There is the question, however, in this reviewer's mind whether the teen-age reader will be happy with such penetration into his motivations. Certainly, discerning young people and adults will realize that this is a sensitively written, distinguished book.
—Augusta Baker.

—*From "Big Ride."*

ALL ABOARD. *By Mary Britton Miller. Designed and illustrated by Bill Sokol. Pantheon.* $2.75 This slim volume of poems opens up exciting glimpses of man and his realization of the universe around him. The sense of wonder and excitement felt by the most mature mind is captured here for children in singing, vigorous poems. The subjects, ranging from snowflakes to the starry heavens, are introduced by questions or by exploring observations familiar to a child's world. Bill Sokol has captured the spirit of the poems in his design. —R. H. H.

FIRST DAYS OF THE WORLD; THE FIRST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD. *By Gerald Ames and Rose Wyler. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Harper. Each* $2.95. These two books present in simple text and dramatic illustrations the scientific explanation of the origin of the universe and the evolution of plant and animal life on the earth. Because they are for the eight- to ten-year-olds, they are necessarily brief and oversimplified, but they tell the story of ever-changing, developing life. Though each is a separate book, complete in itself, the two used together form a continuing narrative that will be invaluable when young children ask questions. —F. L. S.

THE RAINBOW BOOK OF AMERICAN FOLK TALES AND LEGENDS. *By Maria Leach. Illustrated by Marc Simont. World.* $4.95. A folklorist has produced a well-documented potpourri of American tall tales, legends, strange tales and "screams," children's games, folklore of the forty-eight states and folk tales from Newfoundland to Tierra del Fuega. This is necessarily a large book, even though the material is not detailed, but it is to be sampled again and again rather than read all at once. Some of the stories can be told but all of the information will be interesting to storytellers and will give them additional background material. Young readers will find this to be fascinating Americana, and they will be made aware of the richness of American folklore. Profuse illustrations in color and black-and-white have caught the spirit and vigor of the book. —A. B.

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(*Continued on page 32*)

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The action in no way implies any lack of respect for agents and publishers who have long tried to serve authors whose work is unacceptable in regular book publishing channels.

We suggest that reputable agencies and publishers who offer such services evolve a code of ethics and elect industry-wide officers able to certify the practices of responsible advertisers. Until the establishment of such a point of reference, the Saturday Review is obliged to protect its readers by dropping all advertisements for literary services except for typing and for similar mechanical services.

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

JULY 26, 1958

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READING FROM RECORDS

By VED MEHTA,
author of "Face to Face," the account of a blind young man's educational adventures in America.

EVEN though most people may be ignorant of how Braille messages are embossed on paper (actually, each Braille letter is much like the telephone number of one's closest friend; for example, dots two, four, five, and six represent *W*, and dots one, two, three, five, *R*) they are easily moved by the sight of a Braille reader, probably because the process strikes their imagination and even appeals to their sense of drama.

And there is not necessarily any harm in this: the French boy, Louis Braille, who perfected the system in the early nineteenth century was gifted with a keen imagination, and if it had not been for that painful but very dramatic accident at the age of three which led to his blindness the education of the sightless would be today, perhaps, not as advanced as it is, and neither would the system have that dramatic history, that distinctive touch which makes Braille live for sightless and sighted alike.

In the growth of the reading system for the blind (as, for example, in the development of tools) the first major step seems the longest and most difficult stride, but what is even more important is the later refinement and adaptation which make the original step appear as a stride. Louis Braille was important because he was that necessary link in the development of the concept that the blind could be educated on a mass scale; today, the use of the phonograph for reading has completely transformed the learning habits of the blind, and in the hierarchy of their senses hearing has gained on touch. They have discovered that the reading of recorded books is often three to five times faster than reading of Braille; although they still cannot skim or focus their eye in the way top-speed readers do to get through a book, they can by sound reading match the average pace of sight-reading. More than this, by dramatizing the written word with speech, the spoken word adds to their reading pleasure a new esthetic dimension.

The value of the spoken word can hardly be overestimated. It immortalized Homer for Western civilization; it has continued to make the message of Gita and Koran live on in the hearts of millions of people; it is responsible for ballads, the bedtime stories told by grandmothers, or the adventure tales of grandfathers; it is the same spoken word which (in Asia, where the written word is still waiting to make its debut) has kept folklore and mythology alive and has periodically revitalized the culture.

Traditionally, the blind have always been associated with the spoken word, perhaps because mostly they live by sound alone and feel the

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poetry of life through it. More practically, many of them in the past justified their existence to society by reciting or chanting poetry, thus making their memory proverbial. The sightless, who can claim Homer, Milton, and Helen Keller, have again become the custodians of the spoken word: in a world where everything is squiggled or drawn to catch the eye, this is hardly the exaggeration it seems on first consideration.

THE way in which the blind have recognized the spoken word is seen in the "Talking Book." Many steps went into the conception of a tireless reader, which every blind man knows as his friend when he opens a box, twelve inches square, delivered to him postage-free. This friend was conceived in the studios of the American Foundation for the Blind, in New York, in 1932.

Its conception, in retrospect, seems simple. Broadway actors were hired to read books on records; the disc and the principle of recording are exactly the same as those of musical LPs. The aim was that, with increasing appropriations from the Federal Government, these records would be placed in libraries throughout the United States, which would distribute the records to the blind.

The hope was fulfilled. Today the Federal Government appropriates $800,000 to be divided equally between the production of records and "Talking Book" machines, both of which are made available to the blind free; this appropriation permits recordings of approximately 200 books a year. Each side of the record contains reading of about eighteen minutes, roughly 3,250 words. The average book runs about twenty records and costs about $3,000 to produce. Books as long as the Bible (169 records), "War and Peace" (119 records) and "Inside USA" (ninety-seven records) have also been recorded. About 120 to 150 pressings are made of each book, and they are placed in twenty-eight regional libraries, from which any blind reader may borrow.

The Congressional statute which governs the records of "Talking Books" specifies that "inspirational and recreational" works be recorded, so the catalogue of "Talking Books" consists mostly of fiction titles; religious books are predominant in the non-fiction group. The fiction titles in the catalogue include some of the classics, and I think the sighted word will be hard-put to produce any experience which is more lasting and stirring than listening to Alexander Scourby reading "Tom Jones," "Brothers Karamazov," "Crime and Punishment," and "War and Peace." The esthetic dimension in hearing even translated books is comparable to the best drama on Broadway, except that where a Eugene O'Neill play lasts four hours, the epic by Tolstoy, read aloud, last fifty hours. What keeps Scourby's voice fresh from record to record is that a book is recorded over a period of weeks—he may do no more reading than two or three hours a day. Since discs hardly read well for more than a hundred playings, favored "Talking Books" often become unbearably scratchy, so that one has to glue one's ear to the phonograph to get the full benefit of all the dramatic production.

With the advent of dramatic reading on discs, the demand for Braille books has suffered. While it is impossible to be a good Braille reader without enormous patience and years of practice, "Talking Book" demands no training—a major consideration, as the sightless population includes many veterans from the War, or those who lost their sight late in life. Although some old-fashioned educators for the blind still insist that listening is no substitute for "seeing" the page under the fingers, there is such a large shift in the reading habits of the blind that I predict in years to come Braille books will become more and more useless, except for pure academic work. In fact, most librarians of Braille and "Talking Books" already shyly admit that the days of long Braille books have passed.

IF ONE disregards, therefore, the quantity of Braille books, and simply considers "Talking Books" alone as constituting the library for the blind, the choice seems vastly limited and limiting. For all the accumulated books of ages, which every sighted man has to hand, a sightless reader can rely on only 200 titles a year being recorded (and the "Talking Book" library has been in existence less than quarter of a century), and even out of this limited number each year many books have to be retired from circulation because of scratchy, unreadable records.

With this limitation in mind and the desire to provide sightless readers the personalized service, after the war a volunteer service, Soundscriber Agency, was established. It offered to record any work suggested by a client free of charge, mainly by use of cheap discs, portable machines, and volunteer readers.

In the world of the sightless, this non-professional organization at its inception created a great stir (the agency was eulogized in *The New York Times Magazine* of November 20, 1955), but by now this enthusiasm has been so dampened and dissipated that the organization seems totally inadequate for supplementing the "Talking Book" library.

Taken alone, the titles the Soundscriber service has recorded are extremely impressive: the list includes works of Herodotus and Arnold Toynbee, philosophical writings of Plato and John Dewey, poetry of Horace and Baudelaire, plays of Aristophanes and George Bernard Shaw, the novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald, Truman Capote, Andre Gide, Theodore Dreiser, Aldous Huxley, Virginia Woolf, besides very specialized works on physics and mathematics. They have won praise from everyone, except from most of those who read the books, and the explanation is that the readings on most records (and I have examined many of their books) almost without exception are incredibly bad and mangled; the use of housewives as readers is no substitute for Broadway actors. The volunteer readers have immense goodwill, but either no voice at all or no acquaintance with the subject they are reading, so that they are apt to read the words more as separate units—rather than as continuous wholes—without moving easily from sentence to paragraph, paragraph to meaning. All the elaborate system devised for testing volunteer readers breaks down because of goodwill—goodwill of the volunteers and goodwill of those who choose them. Besides, the discs are so fragile and cheap that they cannot stand use.

One would not feel obliged to attack the recording service if again and again the sighted world, when reminded of the need for more appropriations for a better "Talking Book" service, did not evade the complaint by citing the Soundscribers as a substitute for "Talking Books."

If neither Braille books nor the Soundscribers can be effectively substituted for "Talking Books," the need for improving (and I think there is much room for improvement) the "Talking Book" service to the blind becomes all the greater and more urgent. How deficient the service is

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was forcefully made clear to me on my visit to the Division for the Blind at the Library of Congress some time back, and from my resulting paper on "Talking Books" read to the California Council for the Blind. The librarians in Washington were unhappy because their selections of many of the book titles alienated a good many blind readers, while the majority of the California Council (which is probably the largest and the best organized state unit of the blind) were antipathetic to the titles chosen for recording.

One keen student of California University (California has more than sixty blind students enrolled at the University—again, more than any other state) asked: "Why did the Library of Congress record every damn book by Zane Grey, Hitchcock, Gardner, and Agatha Christie, and not a single book by Faulkner, James Joyce, or D. H. Lawrence?"

His indignation is justified. A quick glance at the list of "Talking Books" in circulation reveals that only a handful of plays has been recorded; there are hardly more than a dozen records of poetry reading and almost no short stories; the names of the great contemporary authors are absent from the list (Ernest Hemingway is an exception to this), and even when their works are recorded the inferior book, "Flush," by Virginia Woolf is chosen over all her other works, and "Washington Square" by Henry James is preferred to "The Ambassadors," etc. (the Library of Congress has, however, been intimidated into recording "Portrait of a Lady"). With the exception of the *Reader's Digest*, no magazine has made the grade of "Talking Books," and except for a book or two of critical essays, critical works too have been carefully avoided by the selectors.

The truth must be faced: the proportion of bad to good books is amazingly high and embarrassing, and if the members of the California Council are an index of the general feeling of the sightless across the country (and I think they are), the reading public of "Talking Books" is enormously dissatisfied with the selection of books. What is the explanation?

THE explanation could be that no matter what books were chosen there would always be dissatisfied readers, especially since a reader is apt to feel hamstrung if he consistently finds that all the titles recorded are antipathetic to his taste—hamstrung because he cannot go to his favorite bookshop and buy the books he would like to read.

Although this contains an element of truth, the trouble is deeper and more serious: it lies in the method of selection which permits the tastes of two people to be responsible for all the 200 titles recorded (a committee for selection does exist on paper, but what little advisory capacity it had has long been laid to rest); the determining taste is middle-aged and morally squeamish: it balks at recording books not tested by time (I was told at the Library of Congress that "a hundred years is a safe guide" for assuring the immortality and thus the recording of a book); the books which even vaguely smell of "open sex" are not considered, and are as it were put on an index, the size and quality of which can be imagined by simply considering how many modern novels escape having a "sex scene" at one time or another.

One could argue against the policy from particular books and authors which get left out because of their sex scenes—limiting the view to the modern gallery of novels, one wishes that books of Dos Passos and Kafka, Faulkner and Joyce and D. H. Lawrence were not banned from recording—but no matter how carefully one was to make the case on the broadest possible selection of books and authors left out, still the case would be negated for those who found the sampling to be antipathetic to their taste. The attack, therefore, has to be centered chiefly on the moral squeamishness of the selectors. They have to be asked to justify their Puritanical and "safe" tastes.

Their justification runs as follows: the Bible belt includes too many vociferous readers—the word used was Decency Leaguers—who dash off a letter to their Governor or Senator (actual letters do exist) seriously accusing the selectors of Communism or immorality at the recording of the most harmless book, like "Caine Mutiny" or "David the King." What, these selectors ask, would the readers do if "Light in August," "The Grapes of Wrath," or "Ulysses" ever got on records? The Bible belt must be kept silent and slumbering.

Again, they say, the reading tastes of the blind are deplorably low: most of them want nothing else but Mysteries and Westerns, and for those who do have serious tastes, isn't there enough Balzac, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Melville, and Conrad?

BUT what is the basis of such a generalization? A few letters can hardly be used as a successful index of national feeling about the recording of good books. A man morally outraged by the recording of "The Caine Mutiny" will probably speak the loudest, but does this mean that his voice carries weight? To one outraged by "Caine Mutiny" there are fifty delighted and gratified by it, who feel no compulsion to write to the governor or anybody, but if the bluff were called they probably would line up. And again, why should the screening capacity of governors and senators be underestimated? They, as the next individual, are able to distinguish between "good" books and "bad" books.

The charge of low reading taste is

(*Continued on page* 47)

—*National News and Illustration Service.*

Mrs. Lois Henderson, author of the new book "The Opening Doors" (John Day), in the "Talking Book" studios with her daughter Mary Sue and her son David, aged nine, who has been blind since birth.

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EARMARKS

3.2 Fairytales

SINCE those who make a good, kind living from producing records for children can't afford the complex rating systems which make television networks cower, there is a sort of pleasant anarchy which prevails in this area.

There is no rule, for example, that says a recording for boys eight-to-twelve has to be punctuated by multi-caliber sound effects (no less than six to a minute), and that it can deal only with themes originating west of the Mississippi. Nor are Mickey Mouse and Jiminy Cricket required to be fountainheads of all experience. Nor does everything have to take place within the confines of an archly decorated super-nursery that glitters with merchandise and groomed moppets. For in the home, where records are played, we have the quite ordinary room in which a child lives, scatters toys and drawings about, and is bored.

The record takes on the bigger job of meeting him on this more familiar, although admittedly less intriguing, ground of strife. One way to tame the opposition is to meet it head on with a story. It has been established that this can be stretched into 1,001 nights. If this should come to pass, we should have a series of LPs that would carry any child, in a sort of sonic levitation, through the difficult ages from three to five-and-a-half, or four to six-and-a-half, or from wherever one could get it going to wherever one could stop.

In the meantime, there is a series of recordings with the over-all title, "Fairy Tales," for which one lady, Elinor Gene Hoffman, has donned the Scheherezadian veil, and said she is willing. These are twelve-inch LPs, ten of them so far (Musical Sound Books MSB 60028 through MSB 60037, $4.85 each), which speak their way through the tried-and-true repertoire of the imaginative story. Volumes One to Three are from Hans Christian Andersen; Four is devoted to The Brothers Grimm; Around the World Stories, Five to Nine, are followed by American Folk Tales, Ten.

The technical business is adequately handled, insofar as it permits Mrs. Hoffman's voice to come through with realism requisite to pinning the ear and keeping it there. Certain flaws—tape-travel sounds, and some sibilants that obtrude—make this a less-than-perfect engineering accomplishment. However, these specks don't distract when the records are played on the smaller machines which most children are encouraged to handle. Outbalancing all such matters, however, is the way the stories come across—seemingly ad lib, in the veritable, bottled-at-the-chateau tradition of live story-telling.

Of three volumes heard, we sampled one with particular care, because some stories did not seem as we remembered them. This was the one devoted to the Brothers Grimm. The Brothers could stand a little carpet sweeping now and then, but we think it may be debatable that they should be sterilized in the bargain. We are referring to the sort of editorial autoclaving which renders sour beer as water.

This happens in the story of "The Golden Goose." Other editorial purifications arise when the man who was required to drink a castle's cellarful of wine comes out as a hero who drinks all the water from the king's private lake. It is hard to imagine what values are in jeopardy here. Is it assumed that children, on hearing that a man could drink a cellarful of wine, would go right out and sign up with Alcoholics Anonymous, and so fall into questionable company?

EVEN if little pitchers should be filled with water, and none of that over 3.2, there are certain aspects of story-telling which do not improve with over-simplification. One is exposed in the altered version of "The Sleeping Beauty." It may be remembered that something dire was to happen to a princess "in the fifteenth year of her age." In the original, the Brothers Grimm have it that "she being already fifteen years old, the king and queen rode abroad." Mrs. Hoffman translates this as: "Now it so happened, on her fifteenth birthday, that the king and queen were not at home." Even the Brothers Grimm were smart enough to get the princess past her fifteenth birthday, the day when most concern for her would be manifest, before she found trouble.

"*Märchen*," or fairytales, come to us, as the poet Heine suggested, "*aus alten Zeiten*,"—from old times. If they are to be scrubbed and made wholly fit for suburban life, with the king and queen "not at home," then no one should be surprised when children ask "Doesn't any one know they could have got out of the whole mess if they hadn't gone to the P.T.A. meeting?"

There is another series of records, going under the title "Enrichment Records, a series of great events based on Landmark Books." It is stated that they "are prepared with the assistance" of a board of educational authorities, and these authorities have allowed their names to be printed on its wrappers. These are ten-inch LPs, and each side is a dramatized adaptation of a book. Recent issues are "Pocahontas and John Smith/The Winter at Valley Forge" (ERL 107, $4.25) and "Sam Houston, the Tallest Texan/ Daniel Boone, Opening of the Wilderness" (ERL 108, $4.25).

They gave Dan'l some pretty hard lines, to wit the two that go "We've all made wonderful time since we

—Bettmann.

One of Doré's illustrations for "Sleeping Beauty"—"she being already fifteen" or "on her fifteenth birthday."

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left Yadkin Valley, North Carolina, on September 25, 1773," and "Men, here we are, the 7th of February, 1777 . . ." And so it goes, with a bridging background of organ tones, Indian war whoops, and a chorus that sings "My Old Kentucky Home" whenever it happens to drop by after doing the chores and outwitting the Indians.

There's something on the sleeve about "authentic songs and music of the period." Daniel Boone died in 1820; Stephen Foster was born 1826, and "My Old Kentucky Home" was published in 1853. The dramatizations are about as impressive as anything one might find sandwiched between commercials for a new kind of bloated oat.

"Nothing but back-sliding, with not a single speck of Significance in it," is the conspiratorial promise tendered to child listeners on the wrapper of Stanley Holloway's "Gobbledegook Songs" (Judson J3026, 12″, $3.98). Mr. Holloway is known elsewhere as "Mr. Doolittle," in "My Fair Lady." His goings-on with such non-stuffy material as "The Gobbledegook," "The Lion Tamer," "The Frog, The Duck, The Fish," "The Elephant Alphabet," and "The Dancing Bear," are larking and amiable. On the record, he is supported by a two-man band, with one member of the orchestra handling piano, organ, and celeste, and a second responsible for interruptions from drums, tympani, and odds-and-ends. Children might like it.

EARLIER, we mentioned rules, and happily there is none that requires us to stay forever with records produced for children, especially those that proclaim they are for persons six to twelve or one to eight. We knew very few six-to-twelve-year-old boys, and practically no one-to-eight-year girls. This permits all of us quite ordinary people, with ages like six or thirty-four, to sneak over into another pasture where the grass does seem to grow greener.

We are referring to that part of present-day record issuings that is usually listed under some such designation as "Science," "Sound-for-Sound's Sake," or "Technical Records." "Mexican Bird Songs" (Cornell University Records, Ithaca, New York, no release number, but available at $7.75) is quiet, well-recorded, and reassuring. The birds are those in Mexico; they sing, and the world is a little better for it. Children like both the names and the sounds of the Rufous-rumped Cuckoo, the Black-Faced Ant Thrush, and the Laughing Falcon. And why ever not?

—FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

ODDITIES FOR VOICE

OF FIVE recordings (two religious works and three not-quite operas) just listened to, the one that contains a composition of major value fortunately has been given both the best performance and by far the most appropriate recording. It is Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater," which probably has never before been recorded in a performance of such relevance. Matthieu Lange conducts the Südwestdeutsches Kammerorchester, Margot Guilleaume (soprano), Jeanne Deroubaix (alto), and Carl Govin (positive organ). I do not remember having heard Pergolesi's religio-sensual setting of Jacopone da Todi's famous poem convey this sort of ecstasy before. The voices aspire and flow in wonderful conviction and Lange's conducting reflects the certainty that only stylistic insight can bring.

On a Westminster-Erato record (XWN 18692 $3.98,) a "Te Deum" by Esprit Blanchard (1696-1775) turns out, on the other hand, to be almost entirely un-individual. It is couched in the attractive common musical language of the French religious composers of the eighteenth century, but reveals no genuinely arresting or original musical ideas. Louis Frémaux leads the six vocal soloists, the Jean-Marie Leclair Instrumental Ensemble, the Chorus of la Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française, and instrumental soloists. Notable among the separate numbers are the short tenor duet "Patrem immensae majestatis," exquisitely sung by Michel Hamel and André Meurant, and "Pleni sunt coeli," a contralto solo. The over-all effect of Blanchard's "Te Deum" remains that of second-flight music.

Of the three proto-operas, two are curiosities and the third is a Spanish *zarzuela.*

"Le Jaloux corrigé," dating from 1752, is a *pastiche opéra-bouffe,* arranged by Michel Blavet (1700-1767), who also composed its purely instrumental dances and some of its accompanied recitatives. The score consists of translated versions (in part parodies) of numbers from the Italian *opere buffe* fashionable in Louis XV's Paris. Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona," for example, was tapped for four of the *ariettes,* and another of them seems to be by Baldassare Galuppi, he of the famous Toccata. Held together precariously by a preposterous plot—it includes a lady's maid dressed as a girl on one side, a man on the other—it may well be hilarious as both heard and seen. As unsupported listening matter, it is flat champagne. In this Westminster-Erato recording (OPW 11033, $4.98), Jean-François Paillard conducts the Jean-Marie Leclair Instrumental Ensemble, two unpleasantly shaky sopranos (Denise Monteil and Huguette Prudhon), a serviceable bass (André Vessières), and a harpsichordist (Anne-Marie Beckensteiner). I cannot believe it was worth all that effort.

On a Montilla record (FM 120, $4.98), we have nothing less than a Spanish version of an Italian operetta in pure pre-Lehárese. "La Duquesa del Bal Tabarin," to guarantee the polyglot flavor, takes place in Paris. Produced in 1900, when its Veronese composer was thirty-eight, it emits a faint aroma of period charm. As conducted by Enrique Estela, the Orquesta de Cámara de Madrid, Coros de Radio Nacional de España, and soloists comport themselves with all appropriate archness and sentimentality. What at moments lifts both operetta and performance above themselves is the remarkable singing of Dolores Pérez, who is always listed as a "lyric soprano," through she is almost certainly a mezzo. Here, as everywhere, she brings to the singing of banal music and flat text a challenging personality and a musico-dramatic conviction powerful enough to make sense of nonsense.

Francisco Alonso López (1887-1948), a highly trained musician, the founder and conductor of the Sociedad Filarmónica at Granada, prolifically turned out *zarzuelas,* some of them sad or even downright tragic. His popular stage works included "Las Castigadoras," "Las Corsarias," "Las Leandras," and "La Calesera." The last-mentioned, played first at the Madrid Teatro de la Zarzuela on December 12, 1925, is available in the sort of "highlights" version usually accorded *zarzuelas* in recording. This London record (XLL 1616, $4.98, issued here earlier as A-4111) is notable for the fact that the leading soprano role is well sung by the beautiful Pilar Lorengar, the second soprano role by the expressive Teresa Braganza, and the leading male role by the baritone Manuel Ausensi, an all-time favorite and master of this style.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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Recordings in Review

Warhorse for Two

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor. Van Cliburn, piano, orchestra conducted by Kiril Kondrashin.* RCA Victor LM 2252, $4.98. *Witold Malcuzynski, piano, with Nikolai Malko conducting the French National Radio Orchestra.* Angel 35543, $4.98.

SO MUCH HAS been written (and read) about Van Cliburn in recent weeks that there is hardly anyone who doesn't have a position on the subject. Mine is that this recording is not as good a performance of the Tchaikovsky concerto as the Carnegie Hall one on his return from Moscow on May 20, that it nevertheless testifies to his exceptional power as a pianist though it is a less than first class recording, especially where the piano itself is (crucially) concerned.

Considering the stresses and strains to which Cliburn was subject in his frenzied activities in Russia and America prior to this recording, it would have seemed rather more desirable to process the performance itself as a documentation of that event, whether it was technically perfect or not. Instead, a session was arranged (at Manhattan Center) for a morning following his trips to Philadelphia and Washington. The pianist was so spent that it had to be abandoned. Carnegie Hall was engaged for the following midnight, and this is the outcome.

It doesn't strike me as possessing either the zest or the vitality Cliburn commanded on May 20, though this may be a reaction, after second hearing, to some localized ideas of tempo held by Kondrashin. On the whole, these tend to be slower than those to which we are accustomed, especially the opening pages, and two interludes later in the first movement. In each case, Kondrashin has a score reference to support his position, though what is one man's reading of "Allegro non troppo e molto moderato" (the marking at the beginning) could be quite different with another. I am more at variance with his interpretation of "tranquillo" and "poco piu lento" at two other points in the first movement, for each interferes seriously with the momentum of the performance. The feeling persists that Cliburn is trying to pull him ahead, without succeeeding.

Throughout—and with more ensemble success in movements two and three—there are ample evidences to support the high praise Cliburn has won as a pianist (as distinguished from an interpreter). Save where the jangly pickup of his instrument tends to blur the sound, he is in majestic command of the work and its technical difficulties from first to last, with more than a few moments of subtlety.

As a kind of continuous control, I have interspersed Cliburn's version by listening to the newest other one available, which happens to be the Malcuzynski-Malko. This is more evenly accomplished, closer in tempi to those to which we are accustomed, and more unified, interpretatively. It is also a better sounding reproduction. What it lacks, however, is character, the indispensable element of individuality that makes Cliburn's performance—even when below the best of which he is capable—arresting.

Mahler by Furtwaengler

MAHLER: *"Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen." Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Furtwaengler.* BRAHMS: *"Wie rafft ich mich auf in der Nacht," "Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen," "Ich schleich' umher betrübt und stumm," "Der Strom, der neben mir verrauschte," "Du sprichst, dass ich mich täuschte," "Wehe, so willst du mich wieder," and "Wie bist du, meine Königin." Fischer-Dieskau, with Hertha Klust, piano.* Angel 35522, $4.98.

NEITHER RESEARCH nor recollection attest to a previous phonographic connection of Mahler and Furtwaengler, which need not necessarily rule out its validity. The late Furtwaengler's recording career was a curiously erratic one—due in no small part to his own unpredictable inclinations—and there must be many other areas of sympathy which remain unexplored.

Fortunately for us, the session devoted to the "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen" found all the participants in harmonious agreement on how to deal with the problems at hand. Fischer-Dieskau's voice is neither as long in range nor as voluminous in quantity as one would ask for an ideal performance of this cycle, but the songs he sings well—"Ging heut Morgen über's Feld" and "Die zwei blauen Augen"—he sings very well indeed, with excellent articulation of the text. "Ich hab' ein glühend Messer" is another, and less gratifying, matter. Here his sound is strained, the Klingsor-like outbursts beyond his management without distortion. Throughout Furtwängler sketches in the orchestral detail like the master of his craft that he was.

The Brahms side of seven songs follows the by now familiar Fischer-Dieskau pattern (at least, where my taste is concerned): a clinging lyric sound for "Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen" or "Wie bist du, meine Königin," a drier, forced one for such a bigger song as "Der Strom, der neben mir verrauschte." And even when Fischer-Dieskau is working with wholly congenial material, he falls short of the eloquence attained by a Schlusnus, for example, as comparison of their versions "Wie bist du, meine Königin" shows. Miss Klust is a competent but hardly distinguished associate.

"Giselle" a la Russe

ADAM: *"Giselle." Yuri Fayer conducting the Royal Opera House Orchestra, Covent Garden.* Angel album 3588, $9.96.

"GISELLE" IS NOT ordinarily the kind of work in which interest is stimulated by the name of the conductor, for Adam's score is distinctly more durable than distinguished, its compulsions for listening limited to those which go with a recollection of a Markova, a Danilova, Alonso, or Fonteyn. Which, in a way, are just the values that attract the ear to what Fayer does with the score, as a way of anticipating what the Bolshoi Ballet, of which he is principal conductor, might bring with them in the way of individual inclinations when (as well as if) they appear next April.

The surprising fact that this is very much the same kind of "Giselle" to which we have been accustomed, though very much better played and infinitely better directed than has been customary with Ballet Theatre, Sadler's Wells (it was not in the repertory when Constant Lambert was in New York) or the other groups which have done it here of late. That is to say, Fayer's tempi are, prevailingly, the familiar ones, with a deviation here or there (the duet of Giselle and Albrecht in Act I is rather broader, more leisurely than usual, a passage of the peasant dance near the end of the act more animated, apparently keyed to some special bit of virtuosity) of no special note.

What is well worth noting, however,

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is the conductor's insistence on precision and fidelity to the score (especially rhythmic) in the execution, the refinement and clarity of inner details of texture. It is difficult to do much towards making Adam's score "sound" (it is primitively orchestrated), but where opportunity exists—as in the *ponticello* passages accompanying Giselle's frenzied dance at the end of Act I—he reacts accordingly. And in the later phases of Act II, when the wraith of Giselle recalls her love dance of Act I, the musical parallel is quite affecting. The fifteen "numbers" include some passages cut in balletic versions with which we are familiar.

The Lyric Sibelius

SIBELIUS: *"Come away, death," "When that I was," "Les trois Soeurs aveugles," "Im Feld ein Mädchen singt," "Lastu lainehilla," "Illale," "Souda, souda, sinisora," "Finlandia-hymn," "Drömmen," "Varen flyktar hast igt," "Till Zrigga," "Fagellek," "Romeo," "Demanten pa marssnön," "Säf, säf susa," and "Svarta rosor." Kim Borg, bass, with Erik Werba, piano.* Decca DL 9983, $3.98.

FOR ALL HIS status as a "popular" composer, Sibelius has been ill-served by vocalists in the LP era (there has not been one collection of contemporary origin available for years). For, as Kim Borg shows in this collection of sixteen songs, he wrote many fine ones in addition to "Säf, säf susa" and "Svarta rosor" which are sung even by non-Scandinavians, and are appropriately saved for the concluding moments of this recital.

Less appropriate is the choice of the two settings of "Twelfth Night" texts to begin, for Borg is no more than awkward in English. This would not be a fatal shortcoming were it not that the syllables themselves impede his vocal production (which is variable at best) and diminish the appeal of his sound. There is a gradual amelioration of disadvantage in the French (an excerpt from his "Pelleas" music) and German material, but Borg only attains real ease in the group with Finnish texts, especially the charming "Lastu lainehilla."

However, Borg is as adept in the second side collection of songs with Swedish texts as in those of his native tongue (he is a native of Helsinki). He reaches and sustains his best level in a sequence of rather introspective items—"Dreams," "Spring flies by," "Enticement," "Romeo" are the translations of some of the titles—for he is by nature better suited to lyric than dramatic material. Here he does considerably effective half voice singing, with much better results than the strenuous effort he applies to a vocal arrangement of an excerpt from "Finlandia," for example. Taken altogether, Borg is more baritone than bass, but he is an admirably earnest artist in any circumstances. Erik Werba sustains the high level of piano performance associated with his Seefried records.

J. Stamitz and L. Mozart

STAMITZ: *'Sinfonia à 8' (D), Concerto for Clarinet (B flat), Concerto for Oboe (C major), and Orchestral Trio (A). Carl Gorvin conducting the Munich Chamber Orchestra with Jost Michaels, clarinet, Hermann Töttcher, oboe, and Ingrid Heiler, harpsichord.* DG Archive series ARC 3092, $5.95.

MOZART, L.: *"Musical Sleigh Ride," "Cassatio ex G." Carl Gorvin conducting the Bach Orchestra of Berlin.* ARC 3093, $5.95.

IT IS A SIGN OF professionalism when a music critic can make learned reference to the "Mannheim school" and Johann Stamitz, though one could pursue a long professional career without encountering public performance of music from the "school," generally, or its founding father specifically. Thanks to the thoroughgoing enterprise of Deutsche Grammophon's "History of Music" division, such references in the future can be founded on fact, at least where the elder Stamitz is concerned.

All of these works have absorbing interest, for Johann Stamitz (the father of Karl and Anton, who were contemporaries of W. A. Mozart) died in 1755. Haydn was then twenty-two and barely beginning his career as a composer, but the Stamitz symphony (one of *seventy-four*) is a better developed example of the species than those Haydn would write a decade later. The latter's identity as "The Father of the Symphony" is thus another of those cognomens which are as misleading as they are convenient.

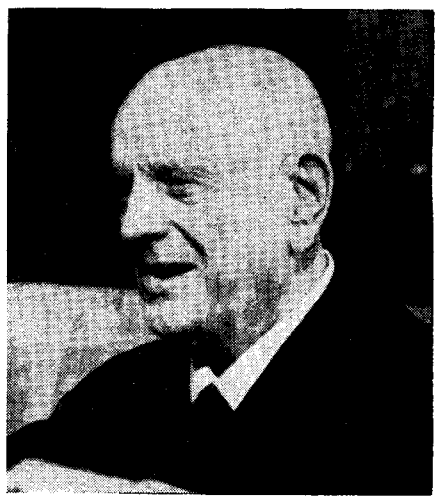
In all of these works Stamitz shows a real sense of homophonic writing, as distinguished from the intricate kind of contrapuntalism Bach was still pursuing and from which his sons gradually digressed. And there are frequent examples of the dynamic accents, syncopations and instrumental contrasts which are historically associated with Mannheim in the mid-eighteenth century. There are also throwbacks to an earlier manner, as in the elaborately figurated slow movement of the oboe concerto. There

Adam—"more durable than distinguished."

is special charm in the clarinet concerto (the first known to be written) as played by Michaels. All the performances are sympathetic, and well reproduced.

If Leopold Mozart hadn't become the parent of Wolfgang, it is improbable that later attention would have been directed to at least half the contents of this disc. That is not to say that they are either banal or unenjoyable, rather that the "Musical Sleigh Ride" is the kind of genial, undistinguished writing doubtless being done all over Bavaria (the senior Mozart was an Augsburger before settling in Salzburg) at the time. The Cassation is another matter, for it is the full form of the work with toy instruments from which were taken the movements long known as Haydn's "Toy Symphony." The whistles, rattles, and cuckoo calls can hardly have been played as well for the phonograph since the version directed by Felix Weingartner. Gorvin's straight-faced production of the fantasy adds much to its delight.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



Sibelius—"illserved by vocalists."

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Symphony No. 2, Nicolai: "Merry Wives" Overture. Eduard Van Beinum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. Epic LC 3466, $3.98.	Crisp business-like performances of both works, though in neither does Van Beinum rise to the kind of volatile, lightfooted musicmaking that the circumstances require. Always one has a sligh sense of reserve, as in the sallies of sound and retreats from them in the finale of the Beethoven. They lumber rather than dart, and while the fine orchestra executes Van Beinum's conception faultlessly, and the reproduction is very good, the whole thing is a little overdrawn and immobile.
Brahms: Symphony No. 3, "Tragic" Overture. Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2209, $4.98.	A good case could be made for the proposition that the two works of this disk are the most difficult scores of Brahms for a conductor to make convincing. Reiner shares a somewhat universal dilemma in the first movement of the symphony which unwinds evenly, but without what I would call a powerful emotional impulse. In its place the conductor provides many subtleties and refinements of texture, which are individually absorbing, though not a substitute for the missing urgency. Movements two and three contain self evident beauties enhanced in Reiner's treatment, and he carries the finale to a grand conclusion. For once, the "Tragic" has a strong spinal column, and well correlated musical limbs. Excellent sound.
Chopin: "Les Sylphides," Delibes: "La Source." Peter Maag conducting the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra. London LL 3015, $3.98.	Maag seems to be acquiring new status as an all-round repertory man for London, a confidence he justifies with his sound, well-controlled work here. The familiar Chopin excerpts are presented in an orchestration by Roy Douglas which has been encountered in one or another balletic production. It amends some lacunae of other versions, without disturbing classic proportions. The "Source" excerpts cover much of the music Delibes wrote for it (he shared the assignment with Minkus), and is especially gratifying in its "Sylvia" suggestions. Maag wields a flexible baton, and the sound is superior.
Debussy: "La Boîte a Joujou," "Printemps." Ernest Ansermet conducting the Orchestra de la Suisse Romande. London 1734, $3.98.	Whether or not Ansermet accepts the common view that these are two of the composer's weaker scores (Caplet orchestrated the first, Büsser the second), he applies all his faculties to their successful realization. That neither sustains the charm of occasional pages is a fault of creation rather than recreation.
Halffter: "Sinfonietta." Ataulfo Argenta conducting the National Orchestra of Spain. London LL 3024, $3.98.	Although "Sinfonietta" is usually associated with a work of compact proportions, this one covers both sides of the LP, a contradiction explained by reference to the composer's expression of eighteenth century principles in contemporary terms. The methods are, predominantly, those of Stravinsky, which leave Halffter's individuality somewhat lacking. It is, unfortunately, the very last recording of the late Argenta, and the more regrettable for its very excellence.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 94 (in G) and 99 (in E flat). Josef Krips conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London LL 3009, $3.98.	London's artwork for the cover of this issue is dominated by a metronome enclosed in a Haydnesque wig, which may be read as a subtle commentary on Krips' performances. They are meticulous, even metronomic, but lacking in dynamic inflection and subjectivity. He is particularly objective about the "Surprise," in which the Vienna Philharmonic could do much more than is asked of it.
Moussorgsky: "Pictures at an Exhibition" (arranged by Ravel). Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2201, $4.98.	Having also heard the SD version of this tape, I am inclined to the belief that RCA has tried to compress too much of that original into the monaural groove. Thus one is rather too much aware of trumpets, trombones and French horns as individual entities, too little absorbed in the basically fine exposition of these "Pictures." The drum thumps in "The Great Gate at Kiev" are especially disproportionate to the rest.
Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 35 ("Haffner") and 41 ("Jupiter"). Josef Krips conducting the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. London LL 3002, $3.98.	Neither the orchestra nor its conductor add much to our knowledge of these works, and even the coupling has been anticipated by a superior effort directed by William Steinberg. Krips' "Haffner" is the better of the two, moving vigorously where appropriate: most of the "problems" in the "Jupiter" remain unsolved in this treatment.
Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 29 (E flat) and 40 (G minor). Eugen Jochum conducting the Bavarian Radio Symphony. Decca DL 9977, $3.98.	Those who like their Mozart clean and lucid should find delight in Jochum's more than efficient performances, in which inner voices—horns, woodwinds, etc.—are given preferential treatment. He is also successful with the aesthetic problems of slow movements and minuets, less with the fast movements. Fine sound.
Sarasate: "Zigeunerweisen," St. Saens: "Havanaise," Introduction & "Rondo Capriccioso." Zino Francescatti, violin, with Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Chausson: "Poeme." Francescatti, with William Smith conducting. Columbia ML 5253, $3.98.	A sequence of glistening violin performances by the unfailingly excellent Francescatti, whose sense of this literature is beautifully poised between sentiment and display. An exception may be cited in the Chausson, which never quite develops the mood or expressivity the work contains. The implied responsibility of conductor Smith (Ormandy's associate with the Philadelphia Orchestra) is not wholly warranted, the failure being less energy than liaison.
Shapero: Serenade in A. Arthur Winograd conducting a string orchestra. MGM E 3557, $3.98.	Those who have heard the larghetto of this work in one of its several concert performances and wondered why the rest of the serenade was passed by have their answer from this disc. It is not only the best section of the five, but also the one in which Shapero manages to escape servitude to Stravinsky's later string style ("Apollon Musagete" etc.) and project a personality of his own. An unquestionably gifted man and fine practitioner of the musical craft, Shapero's future is a bright one. The cover photo depicting the composer's participation in the recording should answer for Winograd's credentials.
Strauss: "Annen" polka, "Accelerations" waltz, "Tritsch Tratsch" polka, "Tales from the Vienna Woods," etc. Hans Knappertsbusch conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London LL 3011, $3.98.	This is not the first record of Viennese light music to be conducted by a man celebrated for his "Parsifal" (Clemens Krauss shared that distinction), but Knappertsbusch brings a certain stately tread to this repertory which tends to keep its feet on the ground no matter how high it soars. This, I think, has to do with his taste in sonorities, which remain somewhat outsized no matter how informed his command of the idiom. The "etc" covers Johann Strauss sr.'s "Radetzky March," and a pair of charming works by men in the lower ¾ echelon: Komzak's "Bad'ner Mad'ln" waltz and Ziehrer's "Wiener Bürger."
Vivaldi: Concerti in B flat (P.368), C (P.87), C (P.54) and F (P.273). Newell Jenkins conducting. Washington WR 406, $5.95.	There is something of special interest in each of these for the use of woodwinds to amplify the kind of scoring commonly associated with Vivaldi. The liveliest is the F major, which utilizes two horns in a manner akin to Handel's "Water Music." Jenkins's performances are an improvement on some previous ones, though more preparation (still) would help.

—Irving Kolodin.

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THE AMEN CORNER

Midsummer Sanity

THE annual Newport Jazz Festival has come and gone. I haven't been aware of the results, as yet, but I am among those who think that jazz, like prayer, should properly take place in what is more of a closet than a baseball park, and have remained reasonably content by my phonograph.

In that location, where it is happily possible to play things over and over again, I have been reaching certain conclusions based on years of attention to a relatively new form of music —to wit, jazz, and, more particularly, the elaborated modern jazz. My thoughts have to do with the responses of various people to music which is strange to them. Certain generalities suggest themselves. Thus, it seems to me that listeners to music may be roughly divided into three rough categories:

A. Those who know a great deal about one or more kinds of music. In these ranks I think the response to strange music is usually either (1) respectful interest, or (2) a rather lofty "How utterly peculiar!"

B. Those who don't know anything about music, but who have preferences. In this group, strange music is apt to be greeted with (1) a dissimulated yawn, or (2) some synonym for the expression "Yaaah, ghastly!"

C. Those who, without much specialized knowledge in any musical direction, nevertheless have a fair grounding, at least by ear, in several, and in any event a constant appetite for more musical experience. Here, strange music will find a ready welcome, but the danger is that the ardent amateur, especially after five or six whisky highballs, may let himself in for a good many short term excitements which will come to seem folly by the following morning. I unhesitatingly place myself in category C, and have no further conclusions to offer at this time.

At this warm midsummer juncture, I will however recommend four modern jazz discs which have in common a good deal of relaxed musicality, a lack of frenzy or pretense, a rewarding subtlety of workmanship. A sextet under tenor saxophonist Johnny Griffin is especially notable for the pliant, long-phrased trumpet playing of Donald Byrd, at his best, as here, one of the lightest and loveliest of our brass men. The other experts are Pepper Adams, baritone sax; Kenny Drew, piano; Wilbur Ware, bass; and Philly Joe Jones, drums (Riverside RLP 12-264). Adams, Drew and Ware appear again in an album which features the Belgian harmonica and guitar specialist Jean Thielemans, for more than five years a star of the George Shearing group. On this record the harmonica is not only a poignant, rhythmically sturdy jazz instrument in its own right, but is admirably placed against the deeper figures of Adams's baritone. It is good to hear the latter in inventions somewhat less ornate than usual (Riverside RLP 12-257). Among the disc's special interests is a version of Lil Armstrong's classic "Strutting With Some Barbecue," which will scarcely replace the jubilant mastery of the tune by Louis Armstrong, but which may encourage more of the younger jazz musicians to ransack the tune files of the past. The persistent failure of the younger jazz generation to recognize, or perhaps to discover, the wealth of thematic material that preceded the mid-1930s is a constant source of wonder and disappointment to those of us who were born before the mid-1920s.

That genuinely sliding trombonist Bennie Green, with his flair for Afro-American rhythms, is back again in fine quintet fettle, his assistants being Charlie Rouse, tenor sax; Joe Knight, piano; George Tucker, bass; and Louis Hayes, drums. They open with Cole Porter's "I Love You," which is sufficiently beguiling, but my favorite selection is a minor serenade called "Melba's Mood." This has no reference to the operatic Nellie Melba, but to the tune's author, a lady trombonist, Melba Liston, who recently played and composed for Dizzy Gillespie's jazz band and who is obviously very much the enfranchised woman (Blue Note 1587). An exceedingly agreeable collection of blues is afforded by Milt Jackson, vibraphonist of the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Ray Charles, a singer and pianist hero of the rock and roll cult who is obviously capable of subtle jazz performances. They are surrounded by Billy Mitchell, tenor sax; Skeeter Best, guitar; Oscar Pettiford, bass; and Connie Kay, drums. And there is still more to say: Jackson himself plays piano and guitar as well as the vibes; Charles does not sing, but plays alto sax as well as the piano. (Atlantic 1279.)

—WILDER HOBSON.

*audiofacts

What do the record people mean by "waxing"?

When a Broadway columnist reports that a young singer has just "waxed" several show tunes, everyone understands that "waxed" means "recorded." Yet, it's interesting to note that nobody has really "waxed" a performance in more than 15 years.

The expression actually goes back to the early days of recording, when the only material on which recordings of any quality could be made was a wax-like compound, cast in massive discs. Many recordists even made their own discs by melting the compound into a circular mold. The compound was called "wax" and, quite naturally, the overall recording process came to be known as "waxing."

But the amusing thing is that even in those days the expression was a misnomer. Those early masters might better have been described as "soapings" for their composition was chemically much closer to soap than to wax.

As you can well imagine, it took experience, skill and a good deal of luck to cut clean sound on one of those early discs. Fortunately, in 1937, came emancipation. That was when the first lacquer discs appeared on the market. They were manufactured by Audio Devices and called "Audiodiscs." It took just five years for the industry to make a 100% transition to lacquer masters. Since that time, more phonograph records have been made from Audiodisc masters than from all other brands combined.

Audiodiscs are still the professional's "standard" for master disc recordings —and this continues to be true regardless of whether the recordings are stereophonic or monaural.

Of course, Audio Devices also did some pioneering in the magnetic recording tape field. For years now, Audiotape has been the choice of discriminating tape recordists — professional and amateur alike. But that's another story. If you'd like more information on Audiodiscs (or Audiotape), write to Dept. AS, Audio Devices, Inc., 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

*one of a series

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Sonatas in B minor and E flat. John Sebastian, harmonica, with Paul Ulanowsky, piano. Sonata in A minor. Sebastian. Columbia ML 5264, $3.98.	"John Sebastian plays Bach" may seem merely a copy writer's catchphrase, but the player's mastery of his four-octave instrument, his musicianship and taste make the listening experience a gratifying one. I prefer when he is on his own, for the combination with the piano (however well played by Ulanowsky) is a tricky one to balance equitably. In sum, however, the results leave one wishing—as is the case with Larry Adler—that the skills had been expended on a more responsive instrument.
Bartok: Sonata No. 2, Hindemith: Sonata in C. Stravinsky: Duo Concertante. Wolfgang Schneiderhan, violin, with Carl Seeman, piano. Decca DL 9980, $3.98.	Each work is strongly representative of the composer's personality, if related to a particular phase of his career: Bartok as of 1922, Hindemith in 1939, and Stravinsky in his enduring maturity (1931). The Hindemith and Stravinsky are best suited to Schneiderhan's tonal gamut, for the harsh driving texture of Bartok's writing is only occasionally relieved by the kind of softer contrast agreeable to his silky sound. Seeman is a full partner in the quality results. Good reproduction, save that it magnifies Schneiderhan's tone more than a little.
Beethoven: "Minuet in G," "Für Elise," Dvorak: "Humoresque," Handel: "Harmonious Blacksmith," etc. Agi Jambor, piano. Capitol PAO 8422, $4.98.	Described as an "Introduction to the Piano," this collection of basic pieces—the others by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, Chopin, Debussy and Rachmaninoff are of the same order of familiarity—is laudably conceived. To my taste, however, Jambor's methodical performances are too little colored by imagination or stimulating nuance to retain a child's (or anyone else's) interest.
Chopin: Waltzes (Nos. 1-14). Jean Doyen, piano. Epic LC 3468, $3.98.	A surefingered, highly cultivated performer, Doyen's waltzes are neither languishing nor mechanized. His rather objective treatment lacks the revealing insight or personalized phrasing heard from a Lipatti, Novaes or Rubinstein in this music. Indeed the style of performance is far removed from the purplish prose of the unsigned commentary, which includes quotations from Willi Apel, James Huneker (four times), Robert Schumann (twice), Ehlert, Stephen Heller and Klaus George Roy.
Foss: "I Build a House." Roger Wagner Chorale. Shifrin: Serenade. Melvin Kaplan, oboe, Charles Russo, clarinet, Robert Cecil, French horn, Ynez Lynch, viola, and Harriet Wingreen, piano. Composers Recordings, CR 123, $5.95.	Foss's work retains many of the expressive qualities noted when it was first performed by the New York Philharmonic in May 1957. Even though Foss participates in the two-piano accompaniment (described as the "original" form of the work) it is much less satisfying, aurally, than when heard with orchestra. The Shifrin quintet is a closely written score, extremely well performed, and testifying (especially in the excellent intonation) to much preparation. However I find the texture unsympathetic, the ideas too fragmentary.
Haydn: Quartets opus 33. Schneider Quartet. Nos. 1-3. HS 9017, $4.98. Nos. 4-6. HS 9021, $4.98.	A welcome sign of renewed activity in the catalogue of the Haydn Society, dormant for some time. These are part of the grand tour of the total quartet literature conducted by Alexander Schneider several years ago, and now reissued in more compact form. The quality of the playing, though occasionally rough, tonally, is always full of musical pulsation and emotional purpose. Of particular interest is the slow movement of No. 3 (one of Haydn's greatest) and the finale of No. 6, whose D minor variations clearly foreshadow those which Mozart wrote in his work of the same key two years later. The recording is still listenable.
MacDowell: "Woodland Sketches," "Sonata Tragica." Vivian Rivkin, piano. Westminster XWN 18201, $3.98.	Whatever it is that constitutes a feeling for MacDowell's idiom, Miss Rivkin has it in marked degree as she demonstrated previously in her recording of his piano concerti. She is equally responsive to the imagery of the short pieces and the expressive purpose of the longer one, organizing both with a sure sense of design and contrast.
Mozart: Sonatas in E flat (K.282), G major (K.283), and C (K.330), Variations on "Salve tu Domine." Lili Kraus, piano. Haydn Society HS 9013, $4.98.	A token of the other fine Mozart disks restored to currency in the new activity of the Haydn Society, this shows Kraus not only fluent in finger work but faultless in her command of his rarefied musical idiom. As compelling as ever, if somewhat thinner in piano sound than the best recording of the sort being done today.
Scarlatti: Twelve sonatas. Nina Milkina, piano. Westminster XWN 18697, $3.98.	The first command to attention in this disk is the uncommonly clean, resonant, distinctively bright sound of Miss Milkina's piano tone, in part explained by the appended mention of her studies with Tobias Matthay. To this basic asset Miss Milkina adds a lively musical intelligence, sensitive application of dynamics and a sure sense of the give and take characteristic of the right hand—left hand interplay of Scarlatti's writing. The choice of works is also fortunate, the sequence showing few that are familiar, none hackneyed. As performed, they are in B flat (Longon 250), A major (L.238), D minor (L.110), F minor (L.187), A (L.294), E flat (L.113), G minor (L.338), D major (L.417), D (L.461), F (L.474), G (L.487), and C (L.450). Further examples of Miss Milkina's artistry would be welcome.
Schubert: Deutsche Tänze (opus 33), Valses Nobles (opus 77), selections from Waltzes (opus 9 and 50). "Wanderer" Fantasy and "Moments Musicaux." Walter Hautzig, piano. Haydn Society HS 9032, $4.98.	There is nothing concealed of Hautzig's Schubertian qualifications in these two discs, and the impression from first to last is of a person immersed in the composer's mental juices and capable of distilling them into a heady brew. The dance pieces have a singularly appealing flow, the large lines of the "wanderer" fantasy no strain on Hautzig's recreative powers. Above all, he has the warmth of sound, the acuteness of rhythm and the simplicity in melodic statement to make the results truly Schubertian.
Schumann: Sonatas No. 1 in A minor, No. 2 in D minor. Pierre Doukan, violin, and Françoise Petit, piano. Westminster XWN 18631, $3.98.	Identification or description of these players is lacking on the record's sleeve, but it is clear that they are in the honorable Franco-Belgian tradition of Cortot, Ysaye, Casadesus, Monteux, Panzera, etc., schooled to appreciate the niceties of the Saxon's art. It is equally clear that excesses of sentiment are excluded, but not a radiating warmth. Doukan's suave sound is well balanced with Petit's pianistic palette. The originating engineers (Erato) bring honor to the Westminster label.
Tchaikovsky: "Souvenir de Florence." Leonid Kogan, Elizaveta Gilels, violins: Rudolf Barshai, Heinrich Talalian, violas: Sviatislav Knushevitzky, Mstislav Rostropovich, cellos. Handoshkin: Variations: Kogan and Rostropovich. Monitor MC 2019, $4.98.	Though this "Souvenir" is one of Tchaikovsky's later compositions (he finished its revision a year before he died), the interests it affords are more with the performance than the work itself. It's absorbing to hear six performers of the Kogan-Rostropovitch-Barshai standard in harmonious collaboration, even though Tchaikovsky seems unable to decide just what sort of piece he was writing. From time to time his unfailing melodic fluency exerts its charm through the excellent sound of the ensemble, but the "working out" sections are mostly laborious. The neatly turned variations of his predecessor Handoshkin are expertly played. Better sound than hitherto customary from the USSR. —I. K.

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THE OTHER SIDE

COVENT GARDEN'S ROYAL BIRTHDAY

LONDON.

THE Royal Gala on the occasion of Covent Garden's 100th birthday was one of those glittering, delightfully old-fashioned affairs recalling the splendors of a bygone age: the theatre specially decorated, a large box filled with royalty at the centre of the grand tier, VIPs by the hundred, ladies in gorgeous dresses and tiaras, masculine chests gleaming with decorations, programs printed on nylon satin. . . . On the stage, after Sylvia Fisher had led artists and audience in the National Anthem, a long and varied menu of opera and ballet reflected past glories and present achievements. It began with the overture to Weber's "Oberon," composed for Covent Garden (the second theatre on the same site, which was burned down in 1856); then followed a scene from Balfe's "The Bohemian Girl," most popular of nineteenth-century British operas and revived by Sir Thomas Beecham a few years ago. After this we heard the wonderful love scene from "The Trojans," representing the proudest achievement of Covent Garden's retiring musical director, Rafael Kubelik, and this, in turn, gave way to the high-spot of the evening: the Mad Scene from "I Puritani," starring Maria Callas. Queen Maria was in dazzling form and, after a scene from "Peter Grimes" and a well-earned interval, we were confronted with yet more "royalty" when Queen Margot led the Royal Ballet in "Birthday Offering." After another intermission when the audience once more, as it were, was able to "take the stage," the festivities came to a close with the Triumphal Scene from "Aida"—chosen, one assumes, for its apt pageantry and not because of the opera's nostalgic associations with the Suez Canal.

The first night of "La Traviata" was a somewhat precarious affair since, owing to a heavy cold, Callas all but cried off at the last moment; subsequent performances found the diva in better voice and, if her singing was not without its uncomfortable moments, her portrayal of Dumas's frail heroine proved an unforgettable experience in which words, music, and action were blended into a perfect and infinitely moving entity. Had the whole performance been geared to the prima donna's level, even "Don Carlo" might have been eclipsed, but Rescigno's musical direction proclaimed the dutiful accompanist, while Valletti's personable Alfredo lacked vocal stature and Mario Zanasi's Germont, though well sung, sounded far too youthful and looked wooden. Callas is far too magnetic an artist to have need of surrounding herself with mediocre talent and I hope that, in spite of her present intention to retire from regular stage appearances next year, we may yet see her as Violetta with other artists worthy of her mettle.

Although Covent Garden's "Ring" cycles have now become a regular autumn feature, Wagner was represented in the centenary season by a revival of last year's new English production of "The Mastersingers" and a new "Tristan" designed by Leslie Hurry. The latter was generally adjudged a major disaster and, indeed, little can be said in favor of the sets, which represent a half-hearted imitation of Bayreuth; Kubelik conducted a performance devoid of organic growth, though finding much incidental beauty by the wayside; Sylvia Fisher, whose Isolde was greatly admired a few years ago, appeared plainly indisposed (she was replaced by Birgit Nilsson at later performances), and Vinay's tremendous acting in the last act could not disguise the fact that Tristan is now vocally quite beyond him. The only fine singing of the evening came from the American mezzo, Irene Dalis, making a most promising debut as Brangaene.

JAMES PEASE was in his element as Sachs in the "Mastersingers" revival, competently conducted by Reginald Goodall. We had a new Walter, Arturo Sergi, who comes to us from America via Germany and displayed a likable, if rather naive, stage personality; his voice has plenty of stamina, though it is hardly beautiful and, unlike its owner, rather lacking in "body." The chief pleasure of the evening was provided by Dermot Troy, singing David for the first time, and above all by Geraint Evans's superlative Beckmesser which, like his Falstaff at Glyndebourne, has grown in stature since last year and which, by dint of magnificent singing and wonderfully subtle acting (free from all the customary exaggerations!), literally "stopped the show" after his scene with Sachs in the last act!

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Tapes in Review

Bachs Before J.S.

"The Music of the Bach Family." *Vol. I: Johann Bernhard Bach (1676-1749); Johann Christoph Bach (1642-1703). Richard Burgin conducting the Zimbler Sinfonietta.* Boston stereophonic (Livingston) BO 7-6BN. $11.95. *The same. Vol. II: C. P. E. Bach (1714-1788); Wilhelm Friedemann Bach (1710-1784); Wilhelm Friedrich Ernst Bach (1759-1845). Richard Burgin conducting the Zimbler Sinfonietta and soloists.* Boston stereophonic (Livingston) BO 7-7BN. $11.95.

PERHAPS ONLY the ante-bellum South could show anything like the network of "kinfolk" which characterized the Bach family of Saxony through a span of generations that endured from the age of Martin Luther to that of Metternich. The phenomenal genius of Johann Sebastian has so overtowered the other gifted members of this unique musical dynasty as to obscure the scarcely less phenomenal fact that no fewer than fourteen highly estimable composers were numbered among them.

It is no doubt with an eye to reacquainting us with the rich creative strain from which Sebastian drew his own climaxing powers that Boston Records has issued on tape the first two volumes of a series dealing with the music of the Bach family and recorded under the auspices of the Boston University Anthology of Recorded Music (*SR* 1-26-57). This worthy organization has been created to issue works falling outside the well-worn commercial repertoire, and one of its aims is to stress authenticity of style and performance. Too often this leads to the surgical sort of performance with which we are, alas, familiar, but nothing in the present treatment is in any way calculated to sap the vitality of these enduringly viable pieces.

The initial two volumes pointedly bypass the music of Sebastian Bach, offering instead examples by two antecedent Bachs and three of his gifted progeny to provide an absorbing, if brief, glimpse of two centuries of musical evolution. Although his creative output was largely vocal, Johann Christoph (an elder second cousin) is well represented by the wonderful "Amadis des Gaules" Suite, a work whose strength and tenderness anticipates Sebastian's own profundity of spirit, while a suite in D-major illustrates the contrapuntal mastery of Johann Bernhard (a still remoter cousin), in one of his few surviving works.

Leaping ahead a century, Volume II's inclusion of an E-minor symphony by Carl Philipp Emanuel reveals that gifted son's impatience with paternal precepts in some "avant garde" writing of singular melodic beauty, while fragments from an F-minor sonata for two flutes (with Doriot Anthony Dwyer and Philipp Kaplan) represents one of the few salvaged chamber pieces by the restless and brilliant eldest son, Wilhelm Friedemann. A sextet in E-flat by a grandson, Wilhelm Friedrich Ernst, is rather academically put together, suggesting that the seemingly inexhaustible inventiveness of the Bachs was at last wearing thin.

All of the works are performed with sensibility and taste, Conductor Burgin's apparent concern being to document the music's timeless contemporaneity rather than to simulate the physical climate of a Baroque performance. The modern acoustics of Boston's Symphony Hall and the superb stereo recording argue eloquently for his view.

Chausson by Paray

Chausson: *Symphony in B-Flat, Op. 20. Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra.* Mercury Stereophonic MDS5-26. $12.95.

AS AGAINST the composer's often recorded "Poème," this equally deserving work has long been forced to play second fiddle—not inconceivably because the "Poème" offers such congenial "first fiddle" inducement to recording-minded violinists. Although the Symphony is available on both London and Epic discs (the first with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestre, the latter with the Pasdeloup), Mercury's present release currently represents the work's only American recording, older pressings by Victor (Monteux, Stock) and Columbia (Mitropoulos) having apparently been dropped from the catalog.

Few conductors could show better qualifications for the present task than Paray, whose musicianly attainments include a sense of symmetry uniquely essential to this work's happiest unfoldment. Under his intuitive direction the music's lyric impulse is sensibly contoured, the musical design brought lovingly into focus. Somewhat greater finesse on the ensemble's part might have realized his dynamic shadings more suavely, but the music's elegiac undertone is well sustained. Sound, as on LP (Mercury 50108) is first rate.

Mannheim Tchaikovsky

Tchaikovsky: *Symphony No. 5, in E minor. Herbert Albert conducting the Mannheim National Symphony.* Livingston stereophonic 4001 K. $17.95.

ALTHOUGH THE recording locale (as well as the interpretive viewpoint) is quite dissimilar, this makes a worthy companion tape for Livingston's simultaneously released "Pathetique" (May "Tapes in Review") by the same composer. Where the latter symphony enjoyed the wellbred attentions of its London performers, the Fifth has been wooed by Mannheim's music makers with unabashedly romantic fervor.

In the opening bars Herbert Albert's extremely flexible pacing seems at first to be taking rather undue liberties with rubato and phrasing, but as matters progress it becomes clear that his musical blueprint is not only generously scaled but intelligently planned.

Burnished horn passages and warm string tone enrich the sonority of an orchestra that plays with the homogeneity and finesse of a first-rate ensemble. A recording of unusual clarity and depth adds to the general excellence. There is, of course, no dearth of disced performances of the Fifth (Steinberg, Rodzinski, Von Karajan spring immediately to mind), but in the field of tape this symphony has hitherto been curiously neglected. Its present release makes agreeable amends. —Mildred Norton.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Chausson—"lyric impulse."

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STEREO CARTRIDGES

Promise and Problems

By NORMAN EISENBERG

REGARDLESS of what is on the stereo record, the starting point for playback is the microscopic tip of the stylus in a stereo cartridge. Such a cartridge is a two-in-one affair, with one portion (corresponding to a monaural cartridge) generating signals for one sound channel, and the other tracking the second channel. Both are activated by the single stylus travelling through the stereo record groove, itself a kind of twin soundtrack on vinylite.

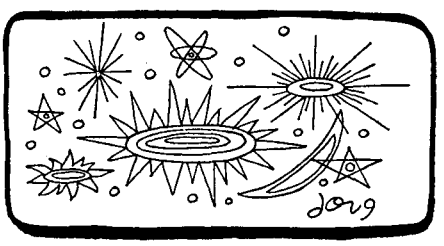
To get the dual set of signals from such a cartridge, two sets of wires must run from the cartridge terminals through the tone-arm and thence, of course, to separate amplifiers or to the proper inputs on a stereo amplifier. Each amplifying channel must then drive its own loudspeaker system. These components, their interconnection, operation, placement, and the like are subjects for later discussion. For now, back to the cartridge.

A monaural cartridge uses two terminals, for connecting to two wires: one, termed the "hot" lead, the other the return or ground lead. These wires terminate, respectively, in the center pin and outer shield of the familiar phono plug. On a stereo cartridge we should expect to find four terminals, two for each cartridge element. And many models do use four. Several, however, use only three terminals, two "hot" and the third serving as a common return for both cartridge elements. This detail, in itself, is no indication of performance; its importance for the user lies in the need to make the correct connections from them to the wires in the tone-arm. Two points here are worth remembering. With certain amplifiers, the sharing of a common return wire necessitated by a three-terminal cartridge, may create a "hum loop." To solve this problem, an additional ground connection must be made to some part of the tone-arm or turntable base. The newer equipment has provision for such grounding. One changer, for example, has the grounding "built-in" at the juncture of its tone-arm and cartridge shell. A new stereo arm, for use with separate turntable, may be grounded by one wire to the motor and thence to one of the amplifier ground leads to eliminate the chance of hum pickup.

Then there is the business of making the connections—three or four. Many companies have announced new stereo arms with the extra wires built in; others are furnishing "conversion kits" to facilitate making the necessary changes in existing equipment. Most such arms or kits provide the four wires; to use a three-terminal pickup, then, the two ground leads must be soldered together to form one wire. Some work involved, to be sure. And more work if ever, once a three-terminal cartridge is installed, you decide to replace it with a four-terminal model.

There are other points of difference among cartridges. A rather vital one is price, and cartridges are not unique in this respect. It has been suggested, for example, that a stereo amplifier with, say, twenty watts on each channel should cost logically twice as much as a single-channel twenty-watt amplifier. Apparently, industry sources differ on this point. To be sure, a stereo amplifier which furnishes equivalent power and quality on two channels obviously must cost more than the one-channel job. But how much more? For one thing, although the chassis be larger in the stereo model, its size is not actually doubled; twice as much sheet metal is not used to produce it. Additionally, not all the components used in it are doubled in quantity. An amplifier, stereo or monaural, requires only one line cord, one fuse, one pilot lamp, one dress panel, and one rectifier tube. The cost of such a tube, by the way, for furnishing the increased power current demanded by two channels, may run only 20 per cent higher than a similar tube in a monaural amplifier. It has been suggested that a fair price for a stereo amplifier would be one-and-a-half to one-and-three-fourths a corresponding monaural unit.

Similarly, one should expect stereo cartridges to cost more, but not necessarily twice more, than an equivalent monaural model. In the case of magnetics, two coils are required—and the coil in a cartridge is indeed a delicate, precision-made part. Ceramic elements for piezo-type cartridges are less expensive, but still two are required. On the other hand, a stereo cartridge—ceramic or magnetic—needs only one stylus, one stylus assembly, one housing.



At present, the price spread among stereo pickups with diamond styli is similar, percentage-wise, to the spread among other hi-fi components, from a low of about $20 to a high of over $80. Generally speaking, it is likely that whatever lessons have been learned about price and quality among monaural components would apply here—although it is to be expected that as the market widens and production techniques become standardized, the cost of some of the higher priced models will drop.

There seems to be universal agreement on the .7-mil (.0007-inch) stylus, used in magnetic pickups by Electro-Sonic, Fairchild, Audiogersh-Stereotwin, Shure, General Electric, and Pickering; and in ceramic models by Electro-Voice, Ronette, and Sonotone. This size stylus is required by the stereo groove; it will also track monaural grooves. The 1-mil (.001-inch) stylus, used for conventional LPs, on the other hand, is not recommended for stereo grooves—damage can result.

THERE is less agreement on recommendations for stylus pressure, or the downward force on the record exerted by the cartridge. In many cases it is something like 4 to 6 grams; some stated figures, however, are as low as two grams while others are as high as seven grams. A stylus pressure figure indicates at what force a *particular* cartridge will track the groove; it is, itself, no guarantee that such pressure will provide maximum wear-life, or freedom from deterioration, for that groove. Experience with monaural records has shown that a record that sounds wonderful today may become, a dozen playings later, quite gouged out and sound unclear. With stereo grooves, this danger is compounded in a unique way—the groove is constantly coaxing the stylus toward the center of the record. A tendency toward groove deterioration, consequently, may wear down one wall of the stereo groove more than the other.

Generally speaking, the lower the stylus force, the better chance a disc has for sounding as good months from now as it does today. Of course, at a stylus force low enough for maximum groove life, but too low for a particular tone-arm, the cartridge may skip out of the groove and skid across the record. Some of the "popularly priced" package players are notorious for such action. With sepa-

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Recordings Reports: Pre-recorded Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Mein Jesu, was fuer Seelenweh." Borodin: "Nocturne." Rachmaninoff: "Vocalise," etc., all arranged for strings Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra. Capitol ZF-65. $14.95.	One's immediate impression upon hearing this tape is of listening to a single stringed instrument of unexampled richness and power—and this, it seems reasonable to presume, is precisely the effect Stokowski intended. The orchestra is designated only as "his," a title it wears with the distinction Stokowski invariably confers upon strings. Along with the lustrous tone, however, goes the versatility to engage the music of Bach and Borodin, Gluck and Paganini on equivalent levels of virtuosity. Capitol's engineers have provided a bright, sonorous recording for both the tape and its disced counterpart (Capitol PAO-8415).
Barber: Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance. Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor ACS-147. $6.95.	This material from the ballet score (composed for Martha Graham) was recast by Barber in 1955 into its present orchestral continuity, and is considerably shorter than the suite previously disced by London. Munch's dramatic awareness and the clean-textured ensemble tone add up to a detailed, vivid presentation, especially of the "Meditation," whose psychological undertones are well projected by a transparent scoring. Appropriately energized, too, is the Dance, whose frenzy seems here compounded of rather too many cliches. Good stereo reproduction, but without the monaural disc's companion piece of Prokofieff's second piano concerto (RCA LM-2197).
Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 5 ("Emperor"). Jacob Lateiner, piano, with the Utah Symphony conducted by Maurice Abravanel. Westminster (Sonotape) SWB-9010. $17.95.	Whether as a matter of oversight or of judgment, no credits appear on the jacket for any of the participants in this performance. The anonymity would seem to be reflected in the contents, for the music appears to be purveyed without temperament in a traversal which is technically adequate but with neither the executive drive nor spiritual penetration to evoke it properly. Some hint of the latter resides in Lateiner's sympathetically shaded adagio passages, but these are outweighed by the generally routine level of his performance and by Aliberti's uninspired conducting. The Fourth Concerto, with Badura-Skoda and Scherchen, is the overside work on the LP pressing (Westminster 18540), which in view of the price differential would seem preferable.
Brahms: Variations on a Theme by Haydn. Antal Dorati conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MVS5-25. $7.95.	The superb sound testifies to the high level of British recording facilities, the musical product to the congenial teamwork of Dorati and the London ensemble. Dorati's approach makes for his usual animated results. The dramatic emphasis which characterizes his treatment is as much in evidence as ever, but his prime concern here is not so much with calculated effects as with more solid musical values. These remain gratifyingly constant through the variety of moods Brahms superimposed upon his adopted tune, with the richness of stereo setting it all forth in full detail. Absent from the tape, however, are the Hungarian Dances that form part of the disced edition (Mercury 50154).
Grieg: "Nocturne"; Massenet; "Elegie," etc. Carmen Dragon conducting the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra. Capitol ZF-68. $14.95.	An exceptionally live recording lends full sonic value to the orchestrally lush treatment of these ten pieces, nearly all are in Dragon's own arrangement. The resulting glossiness makes Schubert's "Serenade," Brahms's "Cradle Song," Schumann's "Träumerei" and the "Tannhäuser," "Ode to the Evening Star" appear to be cut from a single bolt of cloth, but all successfully generate the pensive mood that is obviously their purpose here. The rich orchestral sound appears more cleanly integrated than on the disc (Capitol P-8363).
Luther: "A Mighty Fortress," other hymns. Robert Shaw Chorale, conducted by Shaw. RCA Victor ACS-107. $6.95.	The well-drilled Shaw choristers effectively present these five hymns of praise spanning four centuries, with texts ranging from Martin Luther to St. Francis of Assisi. The plagal cadences of the so-called "Crusader's Hymn" are delicately floated, and the St. Francis paraphrase of Psalm 148 utilizes the Chorale's widely-spaced quartet groupings toward a quasi-antiphonal effect. Arrangements by Shaw and Alice Parker make agreeable use of an organ, played by Thomas Dunn. Recording sound could be more airy, the stereo effects here offering little in spaciousness over the disc (RCA LM-2199).
Saint-Saens: Symphony No. 3 ("Organ"). Maurice Abravanel conducting the Utah State Symphony, with Alexander Schreiner, organ. Westminster (Sonotape) SWB 8030. $11.95.	In this grandly expansive symphony Abravanel's sharper dynamic contrasts make for more drama and the sound is better balanced than in Urania's recent release (November "Tapes"), but in mood and tonal opulence it is no match for Swarowsky's poetic treatment. Westminster's engineers have done better by the golden organ passages (eloquently purveyed by Schreiner), and the Utah orchestra's tone is clean and bright, but the mellower Viennese ensemble handles the rich musical fabric with a sympathetic warmth that makes its performance preferable.
"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," others. Graham Jackson Choir. Westminster SWB-7055. $6.95.	This album contains suavely harmonized arrangements of seven spirituals, each featuring a solo voice against a warm choral backdrop. The sweet-voiced choir and soloists sing with discipline and sensitivity toward an effect that is gentle rather than dramatic. Sharper contrasts of mood and projection might have heightened the emotional impact of a program that includes "Go Down, Moses," "Guide My Feet," "Steal Away," "Li'l David," "Bye and Bye" and "Jacob's Ladder." Rather low level recording, but satisfactory sound.
Tchaikovsky: "Swan Lake" Ballet (excerpts). Joseph Levine conducting the Ballet Theatre Orchestra. Capitol ZF-66. $14.95.	Although there are already numerous discings of these excerpts, they are here approached from the viewpoint of a conductor and orchestra accustomed to tailoring their rhythms to the dance. The result, if less symphonically taut, is more eloquently delineative of the action, and even though this is here presented out of sequence Levine contrives to sustain an impression of unbroken lyric movement. The orchestra performs with the surety of long acquaintance with every facet of the score. The result is agreeably transmitted on both tape and disc (Capitol PAO-8416), although the tape's stereo advantage weighs heavily in its favor.
Tchaikovsky; "The Nutcracker" Suite. Mendelssohn: Incidental Music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Felix Slatkin conducting the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra. Capitol ZF-67. $14.95.	The well-paced "Nutcracker" excerpts come off with nice snap and sparkle. In the Mendelssohn, similarly apt contouring and an appreciation of the music's nature reflect further credit on Slatkin, who here evidences growing skill as a conductor. In conception his Mendelssohn stands up well against Ormandy's recent tape (Columbia HMB-16), but the well-playing Hollywood orchestra is out-pointed by the lighter texture, brighter tone, and refinements of inflection the Philadelphians bring to their performance. Excellent sound.
Wagner: "Dawn and Siegfried's Rhine Journey"; "Siegfried Idyll." Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MAS5-20. $9.95.	Imaginative breadth and a keen sense of style mark Paray's conducting of this music, which contains some of Wagner's most lyric measures. In Paray's hands these are delicately modelled, the interplay of orchestral voices suavely manipulated. Somewhat richer sonority would impart more sheerly aural grandeur to the orchestra's playing, but it is resilient enough to provide considerable dramatic sweep to the "Götterdämmerung" excerpts and appropriate tenderness to the "Idyll." The sound spread effected by Mercury's three-channel stereo process gives the tape a decisive advantage over its disced release of these excerpts (Mercury 50107). —M. N.

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rate components things look brighter: among the better record changers as well as in the professional turntable-and-arm area, improved arms have appeared and more have been promised—arms which, by virtue of their free and delicately responsive movement vertically as well as laterally, and their carefully distributed weight, do permit a cartridge to track at its lowest possible force with minimum groove wear and no "hedge-hopping."

The matter of groove wear is one big reason that a stereo pickup is quite critical of the equipment with which it is used. Another important reason lies in its very virtues: that of increased compliance and the "double response" it provides. These factors may cause a stereo pickup to reproduce all the defects of inferior playing equipment to an even more pronounced degree than did its monaural counterpart. Consequently, the old rule that the better the cartridge, the better must be everything else, applies forcefully to stereo. Owners of quality turntables will find, likely, that those turntables are thoroughly satisfactory for stereo, the only modification required being in the wiring and weight adjustment of the tone-arm. Prospective buyers, of separate turntables or of changers, should note these factors and look for the heavier platter, the more carefully engineered arm. Again, these improvements have appeared in some equipment, and are indicated as forthcoming in other equipment.

It is to be hoped, too, that certain bugs in the stereo cartridges themselves will be eliminated before long. One model, for example, is so light in weight that, mounted in the arm of a new changer, with that arm adjusted for maximum downward force, it floated a few inches above the record. (Mounted in a professional tone-arm, it still floated, albeit somewhat closer to the platter.) Advising the homebody music lover to add his own weights to such a cartridge is a somewhat frail solution to the problem; the time for such improvisation would seem to be past.

All told, however, the new crop of stereo cartridges represents glad tidings for record lovers. The new pickups are, apparently, better performers than their monaural predecessors, including—after it was tamed with the responsibility of weight—the flighty model mentioned above. The need for increased compliance seems to have made for pickups with more faithful response. This improvement, necessitated by stereo discs, is reflected in the higher quality of sound that a stereo cartridge can coax from the grooves of both stereo *and* monaural records.

Record Reading

Continued from page 35

much more serious. There are many blind people, some aged, some glued to rockers, who want "Talking Books" to be simply a substitute for the soap operas on radio; but do they represent the national sentiment of the sightless? If they do, the Division for the Blind of the Library of Congress has no way of judging it, because out of 350,000 blind in America, only 43,000 use the Library services.

The enormous growth in education of the blind in the last few years—I mean in schools and universities—the addition of many war-blinded veterans already with higher education, and the successful welfare work which has trained the apathetic and placed them at comparatively high-powered jobs—all, I should have thought, argued against the selectors' views of the non-discriminating tastes of the blind. More empirically, there hardly exists today a "good" book recorded three or four years ago which has not become unreadable by repeated use—just recently, most of Conrad had to be re-recorded.

Again, low tastes, even if they did exist, would have nothing to do with the recording of short stories varied enough to cater for all tastes, or the recording of verse both to delight and amuse, and even, perhaps, to instruct. "Entertainment without instruction," almost the professed goal of the selectors, would, I venture, seem to any reader a goal pointless and literarily quite unattainable.

THE moral indignation a man feels, who has been accused of low tastes and ill-judgment, when there are few good books to assess his taste or critical material to shape his discriminating judgment, needs no apology. The indignation is natural. If, because of the limited appropriations, those books must be recorded for which there is most demand, then a questionnaire to the blind reader, even if expensive to circulate, would be the right answer, rather than the will or caprice of self-appointed agents who pride themselves on gauging and determining the tastes of the sightless.

It is only fair to point out that some of the trouble is appropriations. At the moment, little over two dollars per blind individual is paid by the Federal Government, and nothing by the state, towards the recording of the books; equivalent state contribution would double the number of titles, not to mention the effect any increase by the Federal Government or any private endowment would have.

Personally, I feel that as "Talking Books" replace the Braille books, the Congressional Statute provision for "inspirational and recreational" reading will also have to include the word "instructive," but until then the need is clearly for recording more books, extending the services of the "Talking Book" to more than 43,000 blind people (one-fifth of the sightless population), and lobbying for money from both the Federal and state Governments.

I could find no better way to end this article than a hope that all this will be achieved by more publicity and more public support. I also hope that the sighted world will revive the habit of reading aloud, if not by the fireside then in centrally-heated living rooms, and that some day recording may become so cheap that sighted and sightless can buy famous books in record shops (already, plays and poetry are being recorded with great success). For the power of the spoken word can add immensely to pleasure, and, more important, to literary experience.

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THREE FROM MARKEVICH

By WILLIAM RUSSO

THE procedure of conducting primarily involves attack and release. There are other aspects, of course, but this is the supremely difficult part. It is technical and basic and it implements the understanding of a work. The art of an orchestral performance cannot exist without it.

Music today is dominated by the performer—partly because we extoll personality and we can most immediately find this in the person before us, and the music flows through him. Also, we think little of the crabbed and laborious, often graceless, work-process of creation. Then, too, the creator has been feckless and introverted in recent years.

Overemphasis on interpretation unduly elevates the performer. It inflates him; he thinks not enough of the music and too much of his own role. This emphasis is serious with soloists (in singing it has assumed grotesque proportions; many opera performances only faintly resemble the scores) and disastrous in the orchestra, into which it has seeped. The soloist may distort a single image, but the orchestra may prevent us from receiving any image at all. In other words, the soloist can betray the idea of the work, substituting another; the orchestra can distort and confuse the idea of the work so greatly that it is not apparent at all.

In view of the above, the extraordinary discipline which Igor Markevich gets from the orchestra in three recently-issued Angel records is even more remarkable. Two of the albums are made up of music for Russian ballet. They are from three albums which were originally released in a special album, "Hommage a Diaghilev," issued on the anniversary of the death of Serge Diaghilev, founder of the Ballets Russes. One, "Russian Ballet Album 1," contains "Parade" by Satie, "Le Spectre de la Rose" by Weber-Berlioz, "L'après-Midi d'un Faune" by Debussy, "Daphnis et Chloe" (Suite No. 2) by Ravel. The other, "Russia Ballet Album 3," contains "Le Pas d'acier" by Prokofiev, "Kikimora" by Liadov, "Petrouchka: Three Dances" by Stravinsky. The Philharmonia Orchestra is employed for both albums. In the third album, Markevich conducts Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4, which is played by the Orchestre National De La Radio-diffusion-Television Francaise.

All of these pieces are theatrical. The Tchaikovsky work is ostensibly symphonic but basically dramatic. The tempos and maintenance of tempo in "Petrouchka" are outstanding. The recording is generally good. In fact, I don't think that I really knew the living sound of "Petrouchka" before this (despite the fact that an egregious knob-turning takes place toward the end of the recording). The definition of voices and the number of different voices which are perceivable form an outstanding recording achievement. The music in these albums is orchestrated in the complex and colorful palette of the French-Russian school, and one knows it here. The high frequencies are reproduced particularly well. The percussion is often over-recorded and the timpani sound on the Symphony No. 4 is very bad, although the player or the instrument or the weather may have been responsible for this.

THE trumpets in the Tchaikovsky work are very sharp, although I'm not too surprised; the level of French brass playing has not impressed me. The British brass are unusually good, though, especially on "Petrouchka."

The Fourth Symphony is the most rewarding work contained in these three excellent albums. It is a powerful and moving piece of music and does not deserve the somewhat embarrassed liner notes which accompany this recording. The Andantino, especially, deserves mention for its own beauty and for the absolute clarity of form and orchestration which Markevich elicits from his orchestra.

The Satie piece has the cabaret tone of much twentieth-century French music. It is alternately delightful and neurotic. The orchestra is led with great elan here.

The Weber-Berlioz "Le Spectre de la Rose," based on Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," has many moments of charm.

"Le Pas d'acier" contains a great deal of magic. It is successively bizarre and lyrical and the reading here is excellent. The evocative qualities of the Ravel and Debussy pieces are beautifully brought out; an almost motionless sensuousness is maintained at some points in both scores.

All in all, Markevich has done very well in these albums. The performances are logical, disciplined, poignant, and deep.

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LETTERS TO THE
RECORDINGS EDITOR

IS ANGEL LISTENING?

After hearing the Metropolitan Opera broadcast of "Otello," could we persuade Angel records to make a complete recording of the opera with Victoria de los Angeles's wonderful Desdemona?

Stephen Kopman.

Toronto, Ont.

VALOROUS HERBERT

I hope the generations to come, when they think back to the vocal genius of Callas in the 1950s, will recognize another genius in his own right, Herbert Weinstock. Weinstock alone has had the valor to crusade for the voice that will be the standard for the next millennium.

William H. Reitsch.

Los Angeles, Calif.

MAHLER SOCIETY

I see on the music page of *The New York Times* (Apr. 13) that a Gustav Mahler Society of America has been organized. Could you or any of your readers supply the address of this organization so that I may write them for further information?

George Meyer.

Greensburg, Ind.

DURABLE CRITERION

I think that, like the Schuller article on "The Future of Form in Jazz," Ralph Ellison's "The Charlie Christian Story" (*SR* June 14) will prove to be one of the few jazz pieces thus far of durable value as well as a criterion of what jazz criticism could be.

Nat Hentoff.

New York, N. Y.

SCHOOL ON RAILS

I was interested in reading David Sarnoff on Sir Louis Sterling (*SR* June 28). Sir Louis had an extraordinary appreciation for wit, risque or otherwise. He also always enjoyed telling a story on himself. He claimed that at a tribute dinner in his honor, after he received his Knighthood, the main speaker came and asked him what university he had attended in the United States. Since he had spent those formative years as a so-called "candy butcher" on the railroad, he informed the speaker that his university was the New York, New Haven, and Hartford. To which the gentleman responded, "Ah, an excellent university, no doubt!"

Constance Hope.

New York, N. Y.

BRUSHED AMERICANS

I have become aware of an an alarming trend among American artists, in the too few instances when they appear on the international stage, to divide into factions and thereby destroy the effect of their individual and total strength. A recent example of this attitude appeared in *SR* July 12, concerning the ISCM Festival in Strasbourg. Everett Helm, himself an American composer, wrote at great length on various European and Asian composers. Of the two Americans chosen to represent the U.S., Aaron Copland and Ralph Shapey, Mr. Helm was most reticent. He brushed Copland aside as being "too-well-known to be news" and Ralph Shapey, one of our younger composers, of whom we would like to know more, he neglects to mention at all.

But Aaron Copland employed twelve-tone techniques for the first time in his "Piano Fantasy"; this is of great interest to a public familiar with his less "abstract" works. And Ralph Shapey's "Concerto for Clarinet and Chamber Group" is a dynamic work, first performed by the Philharmonic Chamber Ensemble, which caused Dimitri Mitropoulos to commission another work from the composer for the Philharmonic. How can we gain European recognition and respect when our own spokesmen do not project any feeling of esteem for our own artists?

Vera Klement.

New York, N. Y.

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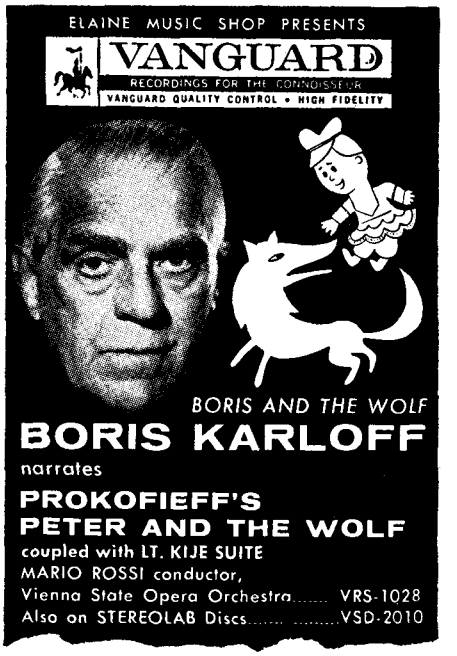

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Literary Horizons

Continued from page 12

ing books, whereas these were the figures for four other countries: Canada, 31 per cent; Australia, 33 per cent; West Germany, 34 per cent; England, 55 per cent. I doubt whether there is a larger proportion of FSMs in any of those countries, but I do think there is less hurly-burly.

In this country the problem is not the people who can't read but the people who can and don't. As I pointed out last week, Henry James noted as far back as 1904 that what Americans seemed chiefly to be doing with their prosperity was creating a multitude of distractions, and as the prosperity has increased, so have the distractions. There are not only the mass media to absorb the spare time of those who are not FSMs and, I am afraid, of some who are; we contrive, most of us, to make our lives as complicated as we can. For many life has never been more unleisurely than in these days of the new leisure.

Is there no alternative to the hurly-burly? Of course there is. Russell Lynes, apropos of the new leisure, has presented in *Harper's Magazine* a defense of the dilettante. The word, which had a favorable connotation in the eighteenth century, has fallen into disrepute, but Lynes thinks no other will do. "The dilettante," he writes, "is just a consumer. He is a man who takes the pursuit of happiness seriously, not frivolously, and he works at it."

The dilettante, as Lynes sees him, is a man who withdraws from the hurly-burly in his leisure hours in order to do well something he enjoys doing. He ignores the multitudinous and ultimately boring diversions of the masses in order to find deep and enduring satisfactions. Lynes speaks of dilettantes of fishing, of baseball, of music—there are quantities of these today—and of science. The subject doesn't matter; it is the attitude that counts.

What Lynes is saying is that more and more people are learning to use their leisure with discrimination. I think he is right, and if he is, then more and more people are going to discover or rediscover the joys of reading. The FSMs may, as Mr. Roper says, be in the minority, but they have to be numbered in the millions just the same, and I expect more and more of them, as time goes on, to claim their heritage. If this happens, the results will be more important, because more enduring, than anything that could be brought about by Madison Avenue's highest pressure.

Journalism on Crusade

Continued from page 11

against any person, public or private, who has taken a firm stand for law and order and condemned the mob rule which they advocate.

The campaign against the paper increased its pressure. Governor Faubus disclaimed any prior knowledge of the boycott, but did not condemn it nor did he dissociate himself from the use which the letter-writers were making of his name. The other newspaper in Little Rock, the *Democrat,* took no discernible editorial stand on the whole situation; as the *Gazette* lost some 10,000 in circulation, the *Democrat* gained about two-thirds as much.

Thus far the campaign has not given the *Gazette* any vital injury. After the first drop, the paper's circulation clung stubbornly to about 90 per cent of normal, and is now rising again. There has been a slight decline in advertising linage; no more, perhaps, than most newspapers have suffered in the present business recession. To date no national advertisers have dropped the *Gazette* because of the boycott.

Nevertheless, the struggle is not over. The *Gazette,* after 139 years of independent existence, is in a fight for its life. Heiskell has literally risked everything he has in taking and maintaining his chosen stand. Among all the public voices in Arkansas, the *Gazette* has stood almost alone against the state government and the segregation extremists. With the troops now withdrawn at the close of the school year, the U. S. Government apparently is thinking about problems other than the one at Little Rock, which is far from solved.

But even if it stands alone, the *Gazette* is still fighting, and the odds are that it will survive. The award of the two Pulitzer prizes indicates how other newspaper people regard the situation. One newspaperman, not an Arkansan, remarked the other day: "The *Gazette,* God bless her, is justifying for every newspaper in the country the guarantees of free speech in the Constitution. This is the kind of situation where they separate the men from the boys and the great newspapers from the ones that just set type."

So history is being made in Little Rock, with a courageous newspaper helping to shape the course history will go. As Editor Ashmore wrote when the fight began, "This is where people stand up to be counted."

Criminal Record

DISHONOR AMONG THIEVES. *By Spencer Dean. Crime Club.* $2.95. Don Cadee, New York department store eye, adds ex-shoplifter to staff, trails her to Miami when snatchers grab; trucker dies in Connecticut, others elsewhere; big-time hijacking mob fights back; no pipe-rack stock here; pace hot, loud. Nice specialty number.

DEATH PAYS THE PIPER. *By Leonard Gribble. Roy.* $2.75. London ad man tangles unawares with diamond-smuggling mob; slaughter rears ugly head; enter Slade of the Yard; female involvements also present; tortuosities increase as tale progresses; suspect is narrator throughout; pace mixed. This-and-that job.

SUN IN THE HUNTER'S EYES. *By Mark Derby. Viking.* $3.50. Frustrated English playwright accepts assignment to track missing heir in Malaya; finds self playing bull's-eye for unseen marksmen; eye-colors stressed; somnambulism present; engaging villain most entertaining member of cast; pace, writing professional. Smooth as silk.

DEADLY IS THE DIAMOND, ETC. *By Mignon G. Eberhart. Random House.* $2.95. Quartette of novelettes with varied settings (New York, Bermuda, Chicago, Florida), all previously serialized (1938-58); luxury angle stressed; gems, honeymooners, poodles, dance team figure; police action minimized. Pleasant packaging.

THE PERFECT VICTIM. *By James McKimmey. Dell.* 25¢. Two Midwest lads, fraternity brothers, become involved in death of wanton beauty who has iron of her own in fire; attempt to pass buck to bibulous salesman mushrooms into wild hassle involving whole community; local editor uses bean; see-all technique. Effective.

SHADOWS ON THE WATER. *By Elizabeth Cadell. Morrow.* $3.50. English widow, debarking on Lisbon stopover, is tizzied by strange disappearance of father of two youngsters met on trip; triple murder attempt miscarries; cops absent (but could help); villain's identity semitransparent; romance aplenty. Agreeable. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1270

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Describing the fork of our ancestors' meals (comp.).	185 100 174 184 86 37 163 124
B. Violently poisonous protein in the castor-oil bean.	81 23 143 36 137
C. Old-fashioned minced oath.	94 46 56 71 150 145 90
D. In slight hope (of achievement); with scant justification (to expect success; 3 wds.).	144 24 60 26 54 40 10 112 78 193 128
E. Defrauded.	158 135 34 87 108 107 45 79
F. Similar to a newt.	17 191 3 7 59 103 43
G. Great plains country of Africa.	35 62 141 164 67
H. Mother of the Sphinx in Greek mythology.	187 88 96 42 195 58 5
I. Person whom the Devil saw "killing a viper . . . hard by his own stable" in the old Coleridge poem.	33 192 1 142 72 102
J. Limestone mixture mined from the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico, used in building.	138 70 16 189 172
K. What Alice did with her fingers, for which the Red Queen rebuked her.	14 165 57 169 179 106 84 99
L. The more exciting, accented, less melodic, variety of popular music (2 wds.).	166 31 93 28 177 74 83
M. One of two players who made all the jokes in the old minstrel shows (2 wds.).	194 113 85 8 12 153

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Virtuous and patient lady in the "Decameron" and also in Chaucer.	38 129 73 180 131 63 149 136
O. Spectacularly successful wooer of some beautiful rich ladies; contemporary.	13 151 65 89 117 101 61 50
P. Pre-World War I Amer. Naval officer, whose nickname was "Fighting Bob."	190 155 97 55 119
Q. Placard posted in a public place (Fr.).	121 64 116 118 173 182 133
R. Divine healing through faith, prayer, etc.	49 41 20 29 152 186 148 161 125 80 9
S. Bearded (botanical term).	39 104 126 22 114
T. To make a rectangular groove (in a plank).	123 52 76 115
U. Nickname, Mrs. Clarence Day, Senior.	44 19 122 168 2 75
V. A spectacle.	11 188 91 176 77 157 120
W. Proportion of human society which is not "Upper" (comp.).	110 160 47 167 171 105 130 181 4 69
X. London's opposite number to our "Wall" Street.	25 159 98 48 127 175 109 134 147 139 53
Y. Improbable.	170 178 18 15 162 156 6 30
Z. Ancient Italian city where one finds the tomb of Dante and Lord Byron's house.	146 68 21 27 92 140 183
Z¹. Gushing, exuberant.	154 32 95 66 51 82 132 111

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 I	2 U	3 F	4 W		5 H	6 Y	7 F		8 M	9 R		10 D							
11 V	12 M	13 O	14 K		15 Y		16 J	17 F	18 Y	19 U	20 R	21 Z	22 S		23 B	24 D								
25 X	26 D	27 Z		28 L	29 R	30 Y		31 L	32 Z¹		33 I	34 E	35 G	36 B	37 A	38 N								
39 S	40 D	41 R	42 H	43 F	44 U	45 E	46 C		47 W	48 X	49 R		50 O	51 Z¹		52 T	53 X							
	54 D	55 P	56 C		57 K	58 H		59 F	60 D	61 O	62 G	63 N	64 Q		65 O	66 Z¹	67 G							
	68 Z	69 W		70 J		71 C	72 I	73 N	74 L	75 U	76 T		77 V	78 D	79 E		80 R							
81 B	82 Z¹	83 L	84 K	85 M		86 A	87 E	88 H	89 O	90 C	91 V	92 Z	93 L		94 C	95 Z¹								
96 H	97 P	98 X	99 K		100 A	101 O	102 I	103 F		104 S	105 W	106 K	107 E		108 E	109 X	110 W							
111 Z¹		112 D	113 M	114 S		115 T	116 Q		117 O	118 Q	119 P	120 V		121 Q	122 U	123 T								
124 A	125 R	126 S	127 X	128 D	129 N		130 W	131 N	132 Z¹	133 Q	134 X		135 E	136 N	137 B	138 J	139 X							
140 Z	141 G	142 I		143 B	144 D	145 C	146 Z	147 X	148 R	149 N		150 C	151 O	152 R		153 M	154 Z¹							
155 P	156 Y	157 V		158 E	159 X	160 W	161 R	162 Y	163 A	164 G		165 K	166 L	167 W	168 U		169 K							
170 Y	171 W	172 J		173 Q	174 A	175 X	176 V	177 L	178 Y	179 K	180 N		181 W	182 Q	183 Z	184 A								
185 A	186 R	187 H	188 V		189 J	190 P		191 F	192 I	193 D	194 M	195 H												

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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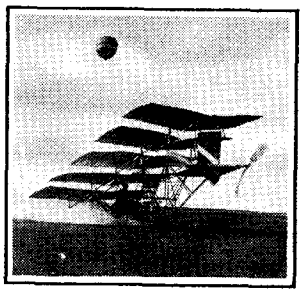

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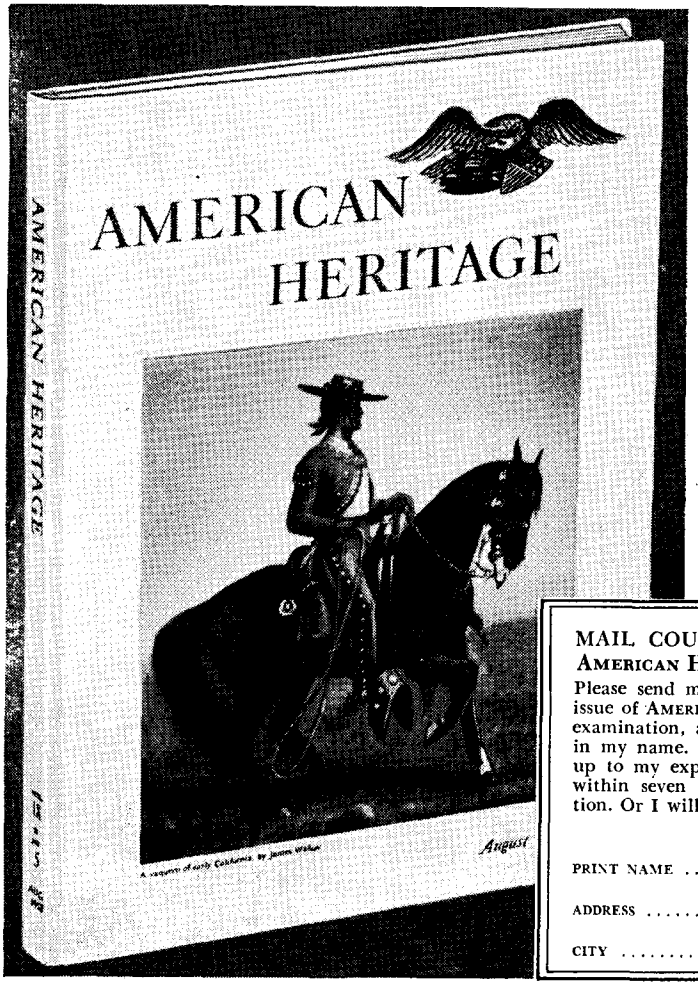

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